A MISCELLANY OF POEMS UPON Several Occasions BOTH Moral and Amorous: WITH Many Odes, Songs, Acrosticks, Epigrams and Elegies; AS ALSO DIVINE HYMNS.

Composed by T[illegible]

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To the Worthy

Thomas Coventry Esq;

With his most loving Brother

Mr *GILBERT COVENTRY*,

Sons of the Right Honourable

Thomas Lord Coventry.

THE high esteem and honour (which I'm infinitely oblig'd always to bear your Name) hath greatly urg'd me to exert some Specimen *of my gratitude; although so mean, that I cannot chuse but blush at my boldness therein, as being conscious to my self, that, unless your Clemency transcend all, that my fond Oblation may justly require a second*

Atonement. But your Merits being daily as perſpicuous as the Sun, and your Influence too as propitious, are ſo Infallible Probates of your Candor, that I ſhould aſſert my ſelf moſt unworthy, did I even doubt, but that you like Heaven (whoſe Image you both moſt manifeſtly bear) would accept the true and ſincere intent of your Oblator, be the act in it ſelf never ſo frivolous and contemptible,

In quo nil vobis dignum, niſi dantis amores.

Wherefore I here preſume (as a Candidate of your Favour) to tender at your Altar my First-fruits (however they may ſeem, at leaſt, imperfect, if not wholly abortive) And whence I likewiſe hope for your Patronage, as being ſufficient to defend this my weak Product from the churliſh humours of Criticks;

Criticks; The former of which, if you'll both be pleas'd to accept, and grant the latter, you'll transport me into an Elysium, *and more (if more can be) oblige*

Your most devoted Servant,

Thomas Steevens.

TO

TO THE

Candid Reader.

MY Genius being always ſomewhat inclining to entertain the Muſes, did by my diligent promotion at length exert ſome light and aery Flaſhes of Fancy, though truly (I fear) ſcarce rightly ballanc'd with ſound Judgment, by reaſon of my Immaturity and Nonage; when this imperfect and abortive Product, did by many interruptions, at length, creep out of my tender, and too too weak (I doubt) capacity. Wherefore (I hope) ſhould I here expoſe it (how mean ſoever it may ſeem) that the greateſt Cenſurers, and ſtricteſt Criticks, firſt conſidering my Circumſtances, and juſtly attributing its Imbecillity to my Minority (Dum nihil ortum eſt, ſimul & perfectum) *may not dart on it a* Grande ſupercilium, *and ſo utterly abaſh it in its Infancy: But whether they frown or ſmile, damn or applaud, This is my ſafeſt* Aſylum, *I matter not: Only I wiſh all as much pleaſure in the reading as I had in the writing.*

T. S.

A MISCELLANY OF POEMS.

Of humane Frailty.

MAn's Days are few, His Glaſs is run,
His Life is ſpent ſoon as begun,
And dy he muſt.
A living Man he proves to day,
To Morrow but a Lump of Clay,
And turns to duſt.

He's made of Earth, to Earth he goes,
His Days are full of Grief and Woes,
Which ſhorten Life:
But yet he toils for Earthly pelf,
Whereby he may enrich himſelf,
With utmoſt ſtrife.

He preſſes on with greateſt power,
Not dreaming that his fatal hour
Doth draw ſo nigh:
But in the midſt of all his Joy,
He many times is ſnatcht away,
And forc'd to dy.

His breath (like ſmoak before the wind,
Or like a fleeting Cloud) doth find
An eaſy way.
He flouriſhes i' th' Morning Sun,
But is cut down like Graſs ere Noon,
And fades away.

Let's therefore ſpend our time to day,
As tho' we were no more to ſtay
On wretched Earth:
Leſt haſty Fate doth call away
Before w' are ready for that day,
In vertue's dearth.

Of a guilty Conſcience.

ALas! the Poets Fictions prove too true,
Who feign that helliſh Furies do purſue,
And laſh with ſecret ſtrokes a guilty Mind,
Which hath to wickedneſs been long inclin'd:
For (lo!) what horrid Terrours do ſurround,
What poyſon'd bites & Scorpion's ſtings to wound

A guilty Man! He falls into a maze,
His fiery ſparkling Eyes about do gaze;
He thinks each hour he ſees a dreadful Ghoſt,
As tho' grim *Pluto* had ſent forth his Hoſt
To take revenge, and hurry him away
To his black Cell, to prove Perdition's prey.
He beats his Breaſt, he raves, he ſtorms, he ſwears,
And blatters nonſence intermixt with tears.
His burning heart doth ſhoot, he's all on flame,
As tho' Hell's Fires were now already come.
He gaſps for breath, his Hair doth ſtand on end,
He tears his fleſh, and doth his Members rend:
Yet ſometimes ſeems to reſt, and cloſe his Eyes,
But hence a ſudden ſtorm doth ſtrait ariſe;
And (like a Hurricane on Indian Seas)
A ſecond Tyde of grief diſturbs his eaſe.
He fain would live, but dreads (alas!) to dy,
Twixt Life and Death he ſtupefy'd doth ly.
But yet the pangs and pains that he endures,
Are worſe than death it ſelf, and have no Cures:
He now becomes forlorn and deſperate too,
He now denies that God can mercy ſhew:
He nothing doth expect but fatal doom,
And a long ſeries of woes to come:
When he ſhall ſuffer to Eternity,
Sad, ſcorching flames due to's Iniquity.
O what a ſtate is this! what pains are theſe,
Which nothing, neither Time, nor Death can eaſe!
O mortal Men! correct your evil ways,
Shake off your Vice before your latter days;
That (when Death Summons gives) you may em-
Your inſtant Fate with an undaunted Face; [brace

For (lo!) what Comfort and what Peace is this
To dying Men, to have not done amiſs,
From whence they take the hopes of future bliſs.

Of Beauty's Frailty.

1.

ALas! How ſoon doth Beauty fade!
How like unto an empty ſhade
It vaniſhes away
Without delay!

2.

Thus th' new-ſprang Roſe i' th' Morning dew
Triumphs; but ere night bid's adieu,
Faints, falls, hangs down her head;
So ſoon ſhe's dead.

3.

Thus twinkling Stars do give one daſh,
Thus Lightning breaks into one flaſh,
And then the vap'ring fire
Doth ſtrait expire.

4.

Lo! Beauty but ſalutes our Eyes
(Like *Sodom*'s Fruit) and then denys
All bliſs, and toucht, to clay
Doth mould away.

5. Alas!

5.

Alas! Alas! Anon pale Snow
Will ſit, where cheerful Lillies grow;
And thus the faireſt Face
Will loſe its grace.

6.

Each day, nay hour, receives a ſpoil,
And lab'ring ſtorms do ſeem to toil,
To plunder beauty's ſhapes
With cruel rapes.

7.

Sharp Sickneſs Beauty's faireſt blow
Doth blaſt when Fevers beat the brow,
Like Whirl-winds furious ſtorms,
Oh burſt of harms!

8.

Old Age plows up the ſmootheſt skin,
And turns a Furrow too, wherein
It ſeems to caſt and hide
All Beauty's Pride.

9.

And when at length pale Death invades,
And calls unto th' Elyſian ſhades,
The fainting Body dies,
And Beauty flies.

10.

What fatal ruins do purſue
A bright Idea's Front, which do
Corrupt all Beauty's joys,
And plead 'em toys!

11.

Thoſe fleeting charms of *Hellen*'s Face,
Do witneſs to the World no ſpace
Of permanence, ſince they
Are turn'd to clay.

12.

Go too, thou Fop! Thy ſelf admire,
And doat and pride, 't will ſtrait expire;
The faded Roſe's ſtate
Doth ſhew thy fate.

The old Man.

LO! Lo! how creeps the long-liv'd Man,
Whoſe time's reduc'd into a ſpan,
Whoſe days are ſpent:
Lo! Lo! I ſeek the Port of bliſs,
And am of Life it ſelf remiſs,
To dy content.

My

My only Pray'r, is preſent death,
O God, receive my lateſt breath;
O let me dy!
You'll thus exterminate my grief,
And to my Soul bring kind relief;
O hear my Cry!

My fatal Thread is ſpun, fie, fie;
O *Atropos*, cut off, that I
May be at reſt!
My Life is worſe than Death; In vain
I cry for help; what horrid pain
Doth me inveſt!

The Sons of Art can find no Cure
To heal thoſe pangs which I endure;
O wretched State!
Death's ſtroke's my only remedie;
How glad, how willing ſhould I be
T' imbrace my Fate!

Pandora's Troops do ſound Alarms,
And for my Blood do whet their Arms,
And Battle give;
They captivate my trembling parts,
And wound each Member with their Darts,
But yet I live.

How oft I've call'd upon the Grave
With tott'ring ſteps, my limbs to crave
Before this day!

When Nature firſt began to faint,
And with her ſelf all joys did taint,
And drive away.

My Senſes fly, my Spirits fall;
A burthen to my ſelf and all
I am now made.
I cannot taſte the daintieſt meat,
I can't diſtinguiſh, what I eat,
Be't good or bad.

My deafer Ears are ſtopt up quite,
Hence Muſick proves a dull delight,
'Cauſe 'tis not heard.
My bleer Eyes loſe their ſight, and cloſe,
As tho' they 're going to repoſe,
Yet do retard.

Alas! Alas! All joys do go,
And pleaſure's turn'd to grief and woe:
May I then dy,
So that theſe horrid pains may ceaſe,
And I at length may be at eaſe
From miſery.

Lo! Lo! how like a Lamb I dy,
Without regret, a ſcreak or cry,
Worn out with years:
I have now run this mortal race,
I will Chriſt now in Heav'n embrace,
Who'll wipe my tears.

Time

Time brings all to the Grave.

HOW fleet do Minutes poſt away !
How ſoon the Glaſs runs out the Day !
The Morning draws, the Noon puts on,
The Sun doth ſet, the Day is gone :
And thus the Year is wheel'd about,
And thus Man's Thread is ſoon ſpun out.
And Death draws nigh :
Which is a Debt we all muſt pay ;
Whoſe pow'r we all muſt once obey ;
Sceptres and Crowns muſt yield to Death,
And Kings, with Peaſants, loſe their Breath ;
The pious Saint receives his Fate,
And ſtouteſt Hectors change their ſtate ;
For all muſt dye.

Impartial Death we can't appeaſe
With Hecatombs, nor get releaſe
By all our Sacred Piety ;
Nor can with threats her terrify :
But all muſt viſit *Charon*'s Boat,
And o'r the Stygian Waters float,
When ſhe invades.
We muſt once leave all Earthly Toys,
And vaniſh from theſe frailer Joys.
For Death (O Man) thy ſelf prepare,
That thou thy Fate t'embrace may'ſt dare ;
And ne'r for this thy ſhort Life grieve,
But live to dye, and dye to live
In happy Shades !

A Farewel to Fortune.

FOrtune farewel! No more I'll court thy Shrine;
Nor ſhall thy Smiles my vaſſal heart combine.
Thou fickle Goddeſs of theſe Earthly Dregs!
I thee contemn, and ſcorn thy falſeſt Leagues.
Why doth the fooliſh World ſo dote on thee,
As though thou wert the greateſt Deity?
I can't, nor will not ſuch a one adore,
And for thy frail, inconſtant Gifts implore.
Thou never conſtant, 'leſs in motion prov'ſt,
And now doſt hate, whom once thou dearly lov'dſt.
If now thou ſmil'ſt, thou ſtrait wilt grimly frown,
And whom thou'ſt rais'd to day, thou't ſoon caſt down.
Hence Princes (tho' long flouriſhing in Thrones)
At length lament their Fate with woful Groans.
All Mortals, who now Fortune's Gifts enjoy,
E're long will know, how quick they fly away.
I'll therefore ſtedfaſt Vertue's face adore,
And hence above this fickle Goddeſs ſoar;
Where me her furious Storms cannot injure,
But I'll deſpiſe her empty Blaſts ſecure.
Her Onſets I'll beat back with Vertue's Shield:
For Vertue can to Fortune's Power ne'r yield.

Qui

Qui non eſt hodie, cras minùs aptus erit.

SO ho, thou Fool! that doſt let looſe the reins,
Whilſt lively blood doth boil in youthful veins,
And think'ſt thou may'ſt them time enough recal
In latter days, before thy deadly Fall;
Unleſs thou 'lt ſleep ſecure, and pleaſures take
Till the laſt ſounding Trump doth thee awake,
Diſperſe with ſpeed the diſmal Clouds of Vice,
And cruſh i'th' Egg the priding Cockatrice.
Begin to day to leave thy evil ways,
And to divorce thy vain and ſinful toys;
By long delays for they'll habitual grow,
And ev'ry hour will greater force beſtow.
Vice (like Diſeaſes) craves more timely Cures,
And [long being nurs'd] no remedy endures.
He that neglects to purge his Soul to day,
His Vices him to morrow will more ſway.
But grant thou may'ſt to Good at length return,
And all thy former ways and follies ſpurn;
Thou can'ſt not tell, but Death may ſweep away,
And put a period to thy Life this day.

Non

——Non eſt mortale quod opto.

LET doting Worldlings ſeek wth grov'ling eyes
Theſe vain and earthly Dregs, as th'only prize.
Let Miſers with poor Gold fill up their Cheſts,
And amplifie their Stocks with fateful Breſts.
Let Honour's Minions up to Heaven ſoar;
Let Stateſmen pride and domineer in pow'r;
Let Beauty's Darling boaſt of's Symmetrie,
And joy, becauſe there's none ſo fair as he.
But know they this, they will themſelves deceive,
When ſuddenly theſe Toys will take their leave.
Riches have Wings, and ſtraight do fly away,
Honour's the Darling but of one ſhort day:
Beauty (like Lightning) but ſalutes our eyes
With one bright flaſh, and then falls ſick and dyes.
Such vain and frailer Goods I don't admire,
Nor do ſuch pamphlet, trifling Toys deſire.
Immortal Vertue is my only Aim,
Whereby t' all Ages I'll extend my Fame.
Beauty, Wealth, Honours paſs away (like Shades)
But Vertue keeps alive, when Death invades.

Hic

——*Hic vivimus ambitiosâ Paupertate omnes.*——

THE pooreſt *Irus* here ambitious grows,
And on his Back now all his Wealth beſtows,
That (like a *Crœſus*) gay he might appear
T' th' World, and in his Purple domineer; preſs)
And (tho' his meanneſs ſhould theſe thoughts ſup-
He'll pride, and leave the World the reſt to gueſs.
His Outſide proves a Royal Ornament,
When with poor Food his Belly is content:
His ſordid Houſe perhaps is all of Clay,
And wants proviſion for the preſent day;
Nay more, perhaps he's o'r-head plung'd in debt,
And knows not how from Us'rers Bonds to get:
Thus Beggars fain would wealthy Courtiers ſeem,
And eager ſeek a Gentleman's eſteem.
Go to, Thou Fool, thy Tyrian Robes now buy,
And (tho' thou'rt poor) yet boaſt of Gallantry;
At length thou (like the priding Jay) wilt know
(When thou art ſtript of theſe bright plumes) thy (wo.
'Tis better ſtill a *Medium* to purſue,
And live to day, like as to morrow too.

Qui ſuum jactat genus, aliena laudat.

WHY doſt thou boaſt (O Spark) of Pedigree!
And claim thy Parents worth thy own to be!
Whilſt thou doſt ſtrut (like th' Aſs i' th' Lions skin)
Adorn'd without, but ſtill an Aſs within?
He's like the Jay dreſt up i' th' Peacock's Plumes,
Who Parents merits to himſelf aſſumes;
And when theſe trapping Toys are claim'd away,
He will become a ſcoff, a naked Jay.
Heroick Fathers honour proves a ſhame
To Sons, when they build on their Fathers Fame,
And nought perform themſelves, whereby may (ſeem
As Rivals of their Anceſtors eſteem.
Nay more, he ſacrilegious doth become,
Who ſteals his Father's honour from his Tomb:
For from the dead he derogates their Fame,
Who from their Acts doth take his borrow'd name.
Thus Parents noble Actions and Renown
We moſt unjuſtly claim, and call our own.
If thou then wouldſt true honours pitch aſcend,
Go to, thy mind t' Heroick Vertues bend.

On

On the Fire-Works.

LET Earth at Lightning ſtand amaz'd no more,
Nor dread a Thunderbolt when Claps do rore,
Since Heaven thereby its Triumphs ſeem'd to ſhew,
When our Great *Jove* for Joy did thunder too:
But 's ſacred *NUMEN* brandiſhed no Darts
('Leſs thoſe of Love) to penetrate our hearts.
So Heaven and Earth did Rivals prove in joy,
When flaſh for flaſh, and clap for clap they'd pay,
The more to celebrate the Princely Son,
Whom (without doubt) the future Age will own
Heir to his Father's Vertue as his Crown.
But as the Royal Conſorts view'd the Thames
Streaming with Fire, how did they gild the flames
With ſacred luſtre! How the Stars on high
Receiv'd a Gloſs from their bright *MAJESTY!*
Spangled all o'r our Hemiſphere did grow,
Eclipſed Tapers glimmer'd in Heav'ns Brow,
Stars ſhon i' th Air, and brighter *STARS* below,
From whoſe kind influence may more joys ſtill flow
And may that *VIVAT REX* ſtill flame and burn,
Till Stars do melt, and Fate doth dread her Urn.

THE Oxford-Triumph: OR, *The Academicks Congratulating his Grace the* Duke *of* ORMOND, *their new* Chancellor.

1.

NO more let ſwelling Deluges of Tears
The mourning *Oxford* drown;
No more let Groans the yielding Air divide,
Nor *Thameſis* in hoarſer murmurs glide,
'Cauſe its Great Patron ſoar'd above our Spheres
To an Immortal Crown.
'Tis true his Merits were ſo great, ſo high,
That Time can ne'r confound his Memory;
But, *Oxford*! lo, the ſpringing Day
Diſplays new Symptoms of thy joy.

2.

Look, how *Aurora* with redoubled Light
Doth Nights black Veil diſperſe!

See

See how the radiant *Phœbus* on us ſtreams
With greateſt luſtre his new-riſing beams!
The Eaglets winging to th' Eaſt their direct flight
Good Omens do rehearſe;
That now no cries reſounding in the *Strand*,
Fair *Oxford*'s Columns ſhall triumphant ſtand,
And to their new-made Baſis pay
Brave Victims of their hearts this day.

3.

Thy *Ormond* (*Oxford!*) left thee not alone,
Diſtracted in thy grief;
Thy calm *Caſtalia* may flow gently on,
And ſtill the Muſes ſport in *Helicon:*
A ſecond Vice-*Apollo* gilds thy Throne,
That Day-Star of relief. (ſhew
Thus Heav'n repairs thy loſs! Thou now can'ſt
A ſtrong *Palladium*, and a *Phoſphore* too.
Thy old *Mecænas* lives in's Heir;
For Merit as for Title rare.

4. (plauſe,

With how great Pomp then, and with what ap-
With what ſurprizing joy
Should the bleſt *Alma Mater* grace the Morn!
Let bright *Apollo*'s criſps her Front adorn;
Let Choirs of Muſes ſing the joyful Cauſe,
And round *Parnaſſus* play;
Let all *Minerva*'s Candidates rejoice,
And let a Morning *Ave* be their Voice;
That (*Perſian*-like they may adore
Their riſing Sun, their growing Pow'r.

5.

Oh let the Choriſters o' th' Vocal Grove
Their blooming hopes ſalute;
Let 'em build ſtately Pyramids of praiſe,
And ſame their Patron worthy of their Bays;
Under whoſe influence they may court their Love,
Keep *Daphne* in purſuit.
May our whole *Athens* boaſt its *Halcyon* days,
And through each Clime diffuſe its ſplendid rays:
That all may now it's happy State,
With Eulogies congratulate.

A Deſcription of a Battel.

MArch on! March on! The Foe has ſeiz'd the Field,
And vows he'll dy o' th' ſpot before he'll yield.
Prepare your Arms (Great Sirs) th' event to try;
Come on, Come on, let's fight for Victory.
Draw up the Horſe; the Foot-men I'll diſpoſe;
Fire, brave Boys; agen, agen; have 't our Foes.
The Drums do beat, the Cornets rattle round,
And Tara-tara-tantara doth ſound. (Light,
The Smoke (like Clouds) involves the heavenly
The diſmal Day can ſcarce be known from Night.
The clam'rous Shouts do ſhake the lofty Skies,
And the tumultuous noiſe to Heaven flies.
The Darts do whirl, the Bullets ſtorm (like Hail)
The roaring Ordnances break a Foil.

Here

Here drops a *Hector*, there *Achilles* falls;
Here gaſps one, there another half-dead crauls.
The prancing Steed receives his mortal wound,
And, falling, caſts his Rider to the ground,
Where both do wallow in the bloudy Gore,
And (Oh!) moſt wretchedly are trampled o'er.
The ſparkling Swords againſt each other twang,
When *Panoplia* doth ſtave off the Bang.
The Spear-men dip their haſtal Points in bloud,
The Earth is drowned in a Crimſon Floud.
The Conqueror now ſheaths his blunted Sword,
And to his tired Souldiers gives the Word,
Retreat, Retreat; We now have won the day,
Let's haſte t' our Camp without a longer ſtay.
The ground is ſtrew'd with Corpſe; The lively Souls
The priding Victor with his pow'r controuls.
This wants a Limb, another wants his Head;
Here lies a mangled Trunk, all Members fled.
The pious Mother weeps her Darling's Fate;
The loving Wife condoles her Husband's State.
What ſtony-hearted *Scythian* can't bemoan
Theſe ruins, under which the Earth doth groan?
Now ſtately Trophies ſhew the Victor's praiſe,
And's Acts commemorate to future days.

Of Woman.

O Nature! Nature! too too kind and free,
Whilſt thou would'ſt ſeem to Man, and prove;
pious be,
Thou prov'dſt unkind; Thy gifts did noxious
Thou kill'dſt him under a pretence of love. (Man
For (lo!) when thou would'ſt firſt create for
A Help-meet Woman, thou did'ſt him trepan.
She only proves a ſweet delightful pain,
At beſt, and doth his doting heart reſtrain.
She ſtupifies his ſenſe with ſecret Charms,
And under preſent bliſs brings future harms.
Nay, when ſhe can a wretched Man once rule,
She'll prove his Governeſs, and him befool.
What miſchief hath not this confounded Crew
Of Women done, all former times can ſhew.
Who tempted pious *Adam* firſt to fall?
Who Mortals did with curſed Sin enthral?
Who Man from Paradiſe did firſt debar?
Who was the only cauſe of ten years War,
When Duſt and Aſhes bury'd antient *Troy*?
Who did the valiant *Sampſon*'s ſtrength betray?
A damn'd, confounded Woman, the worſt of woes,
The curſed'ſt Plague that Nature could impoſe.
She yielded firſt to Sin, and ſtill perſiſts
Therein, when ſhe attempts what e'r ſhe liſts;
And runs on like a Horſe without a rein,
That nothing can her wicked thoughts reſtrain.

She

She loves revenge with all her Soul and Blood,
Hence through Flames ſhe'll ruſh to let fly the
Flood
Of Paſſion floating in her angry Breaſts,
To plague and peſter thoſe whom ſhe deteſts.
She ſuffers no reproof and no controul,
But (like *Medea*) will i' th' Chaos roul
The World, and kill her deareſt Darlings too,
But ſhe'll take ſad revenge on thoſe that do
Hate, injure her, or (like a *Jaſon*) force
A horrid, hateful, diſmal, dire divorce.
Lo! Women can the worſt of Crimes contrive,
And hotter, furious Spirits do them drive.
If therefore you would take your gentle eaſe,
(O Man!) and live a Life that may you pleaſe,
Don't dote on Woman, learn to be content
Without this painted pain, and ſweet torment.

On the King's Progreſs.

LET *Perſian* Monarchs ruſt in ſecret Thrones,
And with Tiara's vail their torpid Bones:
Great *James* our Prince hath found a nobler way,
Whereby his Subjects may obeyſance pay.
For who can duly rev'rence Majeſty
That lies enwrapt in Clouds of ſecrecy?
(*Ixion*-like) we do our ſelves betray,
When (tho' we know not) yet we do obey.
Heroick Breaſts to ſleep obſcure do ſcorn;
But love to ſhew themſelves for Scepters born.

All ſilent Cells aſpiring vertue ſpurns,
And through all obſtacles to light returns.
Black Vice and ſhame may ſeek a lurking Cave,
But Royal Vertues an appearance crave.
That Prince is beſt, who (like Heav'n's Champion)
ſtreams,
On every place his bright *Phœbean* beams.
And with the influence of his Heav'nly rays,
Doth bleſs his Realm, and cauſe *Halcyon* days.
How worthy therefore is our gracious Prince,
Who th' World of 's Majeſty doth thus convince.
Plain Symptoms too of 's Clemency appear,
Whoſe ſplendour lightens our dark Hemiſphere.
Hail great'ſt of Kings, and beſt of Princes too,
Who ſo great Emblems of thy love doſt ſhew:
Hail *Europe*'s Gem, and *England*'s ſole Defender,
Who doſt to us thy radiant Beams Surrender.
With what applauding Pomp then ſhould all grace
Thy ſplendent, God-like, and Majeſtick Face!
Go to, rejoice, nay celebrate his Praiſe,
And 's Fame commemorate to future Days.

Of the Spring.

OLD Frosty *Winter* now at length retreats,
And bluſt'rous *Boreas* mitigates his threats.
Phœbus draws nigh; *Phœbus* doth now ſalute,
With 's ſplendent Rays which do the Earth recruit.
The Days extend, fourteen hours paſs away,
Before the am'rous Ev'ning crowns the day.

The

The murm'ring Brooks their Icy Bands do ſhun,
And in their ſolit courſe do ſweetly run.
The Earth puts off her frozen Cloak of Snow,
And fragrant Violets with *Lilies* blow.
Each Meadow decks her ſelf with divers Flow'rs.
And doth adorn her Front with Prime-roſe Tow'rs.
The ſpangled Dazes do now repreſent
So many Stars i' th' Heav'nly Firmament.
The lofty Poplar doth now grace his head
With new-ſprung Garlands, which before ſeem'd dead.
The painted Fruit-Trees too do fairly bloome,
Which gives us hopes of great increaſe to come.
The joyful Fields do ſweetly laugh and ſing,
Triumphing i' th' approach of th' welcome Spring.
Reviving *Zephyrus* doth gently move
The florid Daffodils; The Turtle-Dove
Now courts his Mate; Th' aſpiring Lark now flies
Aloft, and ſeems to beat the azure Skies.
The Feather'd Crew all teſtify 'tis Spring,
When with their various Notes the Woods do ring.
Sweet *Philomela* tunes her warbling Notes,
And to the ſilent Night her Charms devotes.
Swift-winged *Progne* hath now croſt the Seas
Once more the lab'ring Peaſant's Ears to pleaſe.
The Cuckow too calls forth the honeſt Dames
To hear their Hen-peckt Cuckold Husbands Names.
The chatt'ring Pye now builds her lofty Neſt,
And tends her tender Brood with careful Breaſt.

Old Age now leaves the Hearth, that bright *Sol*'s Beam,
Might once more on her hoary pate now ſtream.
The lazy Shepherd feeds his ſporting Sheep,
And with his Pipe doth tune himſelf aſleep.
The ſpruce young Lovers now i' th' dawn o' th' day
Do ſeek their Nymphs, and with 'em fondly play.
Brown *Amaryllis* in the Plains doth dance,
And *Corydon* doth with her nimbly prance.
Since all things therefore at this time rejoice,
Let Mirth and Joy now be the common Voice.

Of the Winter.

GRey-headed Hyems now (alas!) returns,
And happy dayes our Hemiſphere now ſpurns.
Our diſmal Globe puts on a Tragick Face,
And all this mortal Scene doth loſe its grace.
Our Coaſts, that glorious Orb of Heav'n the Sun,
(Lo!) ev'ry day now more and more doth ſhun.
Zeph'rus is gone, and bluſt'rous *Boreas* roars,
Beating the Waves againſt the rocky ſhores.
No *Philomela* tunes her various notes,
And to the calmer Ev'ning charms devotes.
Falſe *Progne* now has croſt the ſtormy Seas,
Seeking, than ours, a warmer Port of eaſe.
Th' Hybernal Flocks unto our Shores are come,
Being curſed Harbingers of future doom.

The

The piercing Froſts have nipt the fragrant Flow'rs,
And ev'ry Mead has loſt her Prime-roſe Tow'rs.
Where the fair *Crocus* was then wont to blow,
The Earth's involv'd in winding ſheets of Snow.
The lofty Poplar has now ſhed his hair,
And in obeyſance to the Fates ſtands bare.
The Riv'lets now with Icy Chains are ty'd,
And can't i' th' ſolit currents purling glide.
A *Remora* t' all bus'neſs too is put,
The Shepherd freezes in his open Hut; (feed,
And can't his Flocks i' th' ſpacious Plains now
And th' hunger-ſtarven Swains from Plows are freed.
Nor can they by their Art manure the Earth,
Which labours under a penurious dearth.
Thus Nature now doth ſeem to be diſſolv'd,
And th' World i' th' Chaos to b' almoſt involv'd.
But as fair Calms more furious Storms ſucceed,
As after Day the Night puts on with ſpeed;
So after joyful times there follows woe,
And Joy and Grief alternately do go.
Let's therefore not in theſe our Ills repine,
But to the Fates Decrees our Wills reſign.

A ge-

A general Petition of a School, requeſting a Cock-Fight of their Maſter.

LO! here (great Sir!) your tender Pupils all,
With joint-conſent do to you proſtrate fall;
Requeſting one poor kindneſs, which from you
To doubt, an Emblem of our Crimes would ſhew.
'Twould plead our guilt, if we ſhould not implore,
Authority that bears as well as pow'r,
Propenſive Will to grant; You can't deny;
Conceſſion (Sir!) is your chief property.
On this Foundation then we build, we ſue,
And at your Altar humbly beg, that you
Would this once more our ſolemn Games allow,
And let our Pit with ſtreaming Blood now flow,
As heretofore 'twas wont. Hark, *Gallus* crows,
Calls us to ſee, and 's Foe to feel his blows.
Each object to this Royal Match invites,
As when an *Hector* with *Achilles* fights.
True Valour here doth ſtill triumphant ſit,
To bear great Souls we may learn from the Pit,
No ſmall advantage (Sir!) there lies in it;
Since Courage is the ſum of *Homer*'s Wit.
May you then grant (good Sir!) that we enjoy
This brave inſtruction by the ſport to day;
But pardon, if we ſeem too bold i' th' ſuite,
Since they, who fearful ask, themſelves confute.

A Dia-

A Dialogue between Alexander *the Great and* Diogenes *the Cynick, ſtating the perplexities of Greatneſs with the tranquillity of a low Fortune.*

Diogenes.

HAil, thou Great Monarch of this Earthly Globe;
Jove's Viceroy, hail! whom Purple doth enrobe.

Alexander.

Why call'ſt me Great? If thou admir'ſt my Fate,
Why doſt thou live thus in this ſordid ſtate?
If thou affect'ſt a noble Royalty,
Turn up thy Tub, a Courtier thou ſhalt be.

Diogenes.

In this my Tub I far tranſcend your Throne;
None are ſo brave as thoſe who ſcorn a Crown.
Nay more, how many ſnares for Princes wait;
What Hooks are cover'd with a gilded bait.
If you'd your whole Dominions grant, I'd them
(As dang'rous Toys) reject, and quite contemn.

Alexander.

Doſt think my Life-Guards then can't me ſecure,
Who with vaſt Forts my Perſon do immure?

My

My ſpeaking Eye gives Laws to ſubject Souls;
My beck the World's important part controuls.

Diogenes.

The ſooner then ſome bold ambitious Spark
Will ſtrive t' Eclipſe your Light, which makes his dark:
For when one Prince by others is out-ſhone,
He'll try all ſtratagems them to Dethrone.
By thoſe how many ſacred Monarchs dy,
From whom they ne'r expected Treachery.

Alexander.

But grant my greatneſs can't enough protect;
Let me but on thy crazy Tub reflect.
Can this againſt a ſtorm a Bulwark ſtand?
Here thou mayſt periſh by a common hand.
Should Heav'ns criſpt Cataracts to ruſh begin,
Each gaping Chaſm would greedy Death let in.

Diogenes.

I reſt ſecure; with wrongs I none offend;
Whence none to wrong me their intentions bend.
No dire Aſſaſſinates lay ſnares for me;
I have no Gold their thirſt to ſatisfie.
No bloody Traytors tempt to caſt me down,
That they might get my empty Tub, my Crown.
My harmleſs ways do pleaſe the Pow'rs above;
Still Innocence is Harbinger to Love.

Alexander.

Alexander.

But hark, O Old Fantaſtick Cynick Bard!
Don't Heav'n more its Vicegerent's ſafety guard?

Diogenes.

Your *more* may fail; Let Heav'n both Patronize,
You for your Kingdom, me for humbler Eyes.

Alexander.

Humility's a trifling toy, whoſe worth
None recommend, but he, whoſe mind's on Earth.
That Head's moſt ſacred that can wear a Crown,
That Hand is bleſt that can a Scepter own.

Diogenes.

Tho' Heav'n may ſeem to bleſs a Prince, yet he
To's joy has ſtill annexed miſery.
The burthen of a maſſy Crown is great,
And anxious cares a Monarch's heartſtrings eat.

Alexander.

This gilded World is nothing elſe, but care,
Falſe fear, vain hope, and languiſhing deſpair:
In what a wretched ſtate then muſt thoſe dwell,
Who Ant'dotes want theſe poyſons to expel.
I baniſh cares with the *Falernian* Wine,
And with ſweet pleaſures I my life refine;
Whilſt (like the Country Mouſe) thou quite doſt ſtarve,
And wilt not of more dainty Diſhes carve.

Diogenes.

Diogenes.

Alas your pleaſure brings a ſting with it,
And all your happineſs is counterfeit.
Through jealous fear you can't your Nectar taſte,
No Theaters can calm your ſtormy Breaſt.
In feaſting the drawn Sword hangs o're your head,
And reſtleſs cares perplex your Soul abed.
Whilſt I poor Water and mean Herbs enjoy,
And with Philoſophy chaſe time away.
My thoughtleſs Breaſt no Hecticks do combure,
But in my Tub I ſleep whole nights ſecure.
'Tis better low and ſafe be, than t' advance,
And mount upon the waxen Wings of chance.

Alexander.

But is't not brave bare Heads, bow'd Knees command,
And have whole Kingdoms as your Vaſſals ſtand?

Diogenes.

Your high-aſpiring thoughts this Pomp may pleaſe,
But on the ground I'd rather take my eaſe;
Where neither Wars, nor Fears, nor Fortune's frown,
Can terrify, 'cauſe can't me low'r caſt down.

Alexander.

Your Anſwer's right and ſtrong; I muſt confeſs,
Theſe Arguments do make my Throne ſeem leſs
Regarded in my Eyes: For thoſe, who doe
(Like *Spaniſh* Horſes) feed on Winds, muſt rue.

The

The lofty *Cedar* furious *Boreas* tears,
When the low ſhrub the ſtorm uninjur'd bears.
Thou ſafely liv'ſt, thy Life enjoy'ſt; To burn
Thy Corpſe being dead, thy Tub's a Pile and Urn.
Hence were I not that Monarch ſtiled Great,
I'd for thy Tub (*Diogenes*) entreat.

My Wiſh.

MAY I (ye Gods) enjoy a Country Life,
Free from cares, and free from tort'ring ſtrife;
Whilſt others to great Cities ſeek reſort,
Where nought but gilded Vices keep their Court.
May I within my native Country dwell,
And ne're to theſe my Borders bid farewel.
For Wealth, whilſt others plow the angry Seas,
And for the *Indian* Toys diſturb their eaſe;
May I above contempt, and Fortune's Pow'r,
In Summer ſolſtice ſleep i' th' ſhady Bow'r.
Whilſt other Patrons in their *Forum* plead,
And for a Fee torment their ſweating Head.
May I in Winter chaſe the nimble Harts,
And wound the Savage Boar with bloody Darts:
Whilſt others in their ſtately Buildings reſt,
And with hot Liquors burn their freezing Breaſt.
May I at night my *Cælia*'s Eyes admire,
Until my Breaſt is warm'd with gentle fire:
Whilſt others on their painted Miſſes doat,
Until their Veins with flagrant Blood do float.

May

May I by night enjoy my deareſt *Roſe*,
Until my Body's ready for repoſe:
Whilſt others toſs awake, perplext with cares,
And dare not ſleep for fear of ſecret Snares.
May I in conſtant health ſpin out my days,
No Gout, nor Stone, to interrupt my joys:
Whilſt others of their Serpents ſtings complain,
And (which they get by riot) feel the pain.
But when Death's ſting my Spirits doth ſurprize,
Let my poor *Cælia*, *Cælia* cloſe my Eyes.

An Epithalamium.

WHat merry Muſe doth now my Breaſt inſpire?
Or what inflames my Soul? Oh! 'Tis the fire,
That darts (like Lightning) from the Lovers Eyes,
Through which each others Soul its object ſpyes:
Whilſt (like two cooing Turtles) they do play,
And ſteal, with ſmiles, each other's Heart away.
The true *Elyſium* they now claim their own;
Whence they tranſcend a Scepter, or a Throne.
They baniſh cares by th' ecſtaſies of love;
Where *Venus* rules, we need not envy *Jove*.
And that theſe rapt'ring Joys may long endure,
Let no ſad *Omens* with black Clouds obſcure
Our radiant hopes. Ye helliſh Fiends forbear
To light the Torches, and be Dancers here.
Leave not ye Fairies your *Tartarian* Lakes,
About your Heads to whip your anguiſht Snakes;

Whoſe

Whoſe ſhrill triſulcate Tongues prognoſticate,
That ſtorms will ſoon loves knot dilacerate.
Let's hear no ſhrieks of the nocturnal Crew,
Being Harbingers of diſſolution too.
But let each object happineſs preſage,
That ye i' th' Bonds of Love ſurpaſs the Age
Of old *Tythonus* with his ruddy Bride,
Who Inſect turn'd through years before he dy'd.
Ye Nymphs and Satyrs here your ſteps advance,
Ye Fawns and Graces here unite and dance.
Let all the rural Deities adorn (Morn;
Their Fronts with Garlands bluſhing like the
With greateſt joys and pomp to ſolemnize
The Nuptials, that ſo fair a pair comprize.
Let *Venus* come; And let old Hymen ſtand,
And ſeal the knot up with a faithful hand;
That (*Gordian*-like) it may ne'r be diſſolv'd,
Until the World i' th' Chaos be involv'd.
Hence may you flouriſh in your jugal ſtate,
And have no cauſe e're to repent your fate.
Let neither jars nor frets infringe your joys,
But in bleſt union ſpin ye out your days;
Till Death at length ſevers you, when your Souls
Muſt wing their courſe up to the ſtarry Poles.
May Heav'n ſhow'r down it's *Manna* on your Head,
And bleſs with an increaſe your toral Bed:
May you (like *Abram*'s Conſort) multiply
Your Seed to emulate the Stars on high.
That (like freſh Olive-branches) you may ſee
Your Children round you ſmile, each in's degree.

But hark, O Bride! What makes Vermilion now
More riſe in thy fair Cheeks? The lovely Snow
Is courted by the Roſe to melt away;
Why doſt thou bluſh? Doth Fire oppoſe delay?
(Juſt like the *Phœnix* in her ſpicy Neſt)
Thou flutter'ſt in thy Bed: Thy flagrant Breaſt
Will ſtrait break forth in flames: Thy ardent zeal
Thy bluſhing front no longer will conceal:
My tedious Muſe ſhall not therefore defer
Your joys no more, nor longer ſhall occur
Your burning Hectics: Lo! the Torch expires,
And doth not flame ſo much as your deſires:
Hence giving you all joy we bid good night,
And leave you to embrace your Souls delight.

Of the Powder-Plot.

WHat Helliſh Furies do infeſt this Age,
Where Plots, Rebellion, Death and Murther rage!
Megæra and her Conſorts now preſume
To leave their Seats, the more to urge our doom.
Aſtrea's fled, nor will ſhe more be ſeen;
Since Hell to Earth has brought her Tragick Scene.
The Devil ſure theſe projects did contrive,
For from no other Font they can derive
Themſelves; No treach'rous, forlorn *Catiline*,
Did e're ſuch fatal ſtorms for *Rome* deſign.
No *Mimas* e're did think on ſuch an act,
Nor could ſuch Helliſh Tortures e're compact.

Bloody, thrice bloody Tyrants! who would fain
Thus ſacred Purple with black Sables ſtain,
And this great Nation utterly confuſe,
As tho' this Realm i' th' Chaos they'd reduce.
No time to ſoften grief by juſt degrees,
But (like a Hurricane on *Indian* Seas)
The furious Tempeſt was deſign'd t' have roſe,
Whoſe blaſt ſhould bring a ſudden burſt of woes.
They'd give no ſymptoms by a lightning flaſh;
But would puff up with one grand thund'ring craſh
The beſt of Kings and all's heroick Peers,
As tho' they'd force them to their proper Spheres.
But Heaven's prudent Senate, mov'd to ſee
Such horrid, hateful thoughts of treachery,
With ſpeed conſulted to prevent our fate,
And theſe their damn'd deſigns t' infatuate.
Hence Heav'n's bright Beams all ſecret Clouds away
Did drive, and Night was turn'd to ſplendent Day.
Their curſed projects plainly did appear,
And they the works of their own hands did bear;
Nor was there ever any Law more juſt, (firſt,
Than that ſuch tempts ſhould foil their Authors
Who dare (like th' old *Gigantic* Brood) rebel
'Gainſt *Jove*, and will not in ſubjection dwell.
Go to now (Traytors!) lay your ſecret ſnares,
Attempt great Monarchs whoſoe're now dares!
Angels are Guardians of that ſacred Name,
And Heav'n provides for its Vice-gerent's Fame.

Againſt falſe Report.

WHat crafty *Sphinx* new Riddles doth propoſe?
Or what *Chimæra* various ſhapes now ſhows?
Oh! 'Tis Report; ſhe is a Monſter grown,
Whoſe Fangs (like *Cadmus* Serpent's teeth) when ſown,
Spring up to arms, and ſtrait do tumults cauſe,
Contemning Mans, and ſcorning Nature's Laws.
(*Chamælion*-like) on empty air ſhe feeds,
And more depends on fancy than an deeds.
She (*Proteus*-like) doth ev'ry moment change,
And never conſtant in one tone doth range:
But variouſly ſhe out of envious ſpite,
With her curſt ſting poor Mortals doth backbite.
She always loves beyond the truth to glide;
Whence ſhe to Dev'liſh Lying is ally'd.
For Rumours ſtill by rouling to and fro
Increaſe (like Snow-Balls) and do greater grow.
This fertile *Hydra* (when once ſeis'd the Field)
Cannot by any *Hercules* be kill'd.
O then that ſhe would firſt of all deſtroy
Thoſe, that for her do firſt invent the way.

Of

Of my Change to a City Life.

WHY am I plung'd in this Abyſs of woes?
Are theſe (O cruel Fates!) your ſecret blows?
Do you (like *Cupid*) throw your ſilent Dart,
And where there is no cauſe, yet wound the Heart?
If I've deſerv'd to ſpend my hours in pain,
And never to enjoy my ſelf again:
Why doth not thunder rend the yielding Skies,
And Lightning dart its vengeance on mine Eyes.
That to *Jove*'s wrath a Victim I might fall;
Then this would put a period to all.
But here confin'd in cloſe Impriſonment,
I'm forc'd to lead my Life in diſcontent;
Whilſt tedious hours do paſs as dull away,
As theirs, who are confined from their Joy;
To whom with ſighs they ſend their raviſh'd Souls,
And mount 'em up unto the azure Poles.
No joys, no ſweet Parentheſis of eaſe,
Theſe pompous Objects can't my Soul appeaſe,
Where Tow'rs and Top-knots cloud the glimmering Skies,
And painted Beauty dazzles weaker Eyes.
If this Men count true happineſs, there's none,
Where pain ſucceeds as ſoon as pleaſure's gone.
Ah happy Spark! that courts his Country Laſs,
Whoſe native Beauty needs no paint nor glaſs;
And near *Sabrina*'s gentle murm'ring ſtreams,
Lies down and ſleeps, and of his fair one dreams.

O then that the kind Gods would deign my Eyes
Once more to ſee this bleſſed Paradiſe,
Where pleaſure flows and unconfined Springs;
Where ev'ry object an *Elyſium* brings.

A Jear to a High-flown Lady.

GAd (Madam) tho' your Poets ſeem to raiſe
Up for your Ex'lence Mountanies of praiſe,
And feign, that you are conſtant, kind, and fair;
I'll ſwear (by *Jove!*) they only Flatt'rers are.
For (Faith!) your fancy'd Beauty's not ſo great,
That it may merit of a Clown a Treat.
You think your CryſtalEyes do charm each Heart,
When your whole Fabrick is ſcarce worth a F---.
And if you pleaſe to view your Face i' th' Glaſs,
Your ſelf will ſay with me, 'tis all my N---.
Nor could I e're experience you were kind,
But (troth) you are as conſtant as the Wind:
The criſped Waves that o're the Ocean rove,
Are not ſo fickle as your ſighs and love.
But don't take ſnuff, tho' I now tell you true,
You're a fine Scar-crow; But what if you do?---
Come then, truſt Sycophantic Pens no more,
Suppreſs your Pride, and your defects deplore:
For if you do believe each fawning Fop,
(By *Jove*) you are as ſenſeleſs as a Sop.

To

To his Valentine.

MAdam! when you from Fortune's Urn did draw
My Name, as yours, you gave a double Law.
Your Beauty did one Obligation lay,
Your Highneſs did tranſport me quite away;
That one ſo meritorious and divine,
Should have ſo mean, ſo low a *Valentine*.
The thundring Monarch of th' Immortal Crew
Had been a fitter *Valentine* for you.
Blind Fortune's hand did erre, elſe with a kiſs
Great *Jove* from Heav'n had you ſaluted his.
Ah Chance! why did'ſt ſo fair a Nymph degrade?
Why did the Lot of Heav'n her hand evade?
Can I thoſe ſacred merits parallel,
Which all the Fabricks upon Earth excel?
Thus (Fortune) thy promiſcuous hand doth love
To mix poor Mortals with the Pow'rs above!
But ſince (fair Madam!) Chance ſo rul'd your hand,
And you vouchſaf'd your unmeet Lot to ſtand,
This meaner Sacrifice (pray) don't refuſe,
Which at your Altar for acceptance ſues.

The Memorandum.

SInce you, Dear Soul! by envious Fate's decree
Muſt leave our Coaſts, and (like an Eaglet) flee
To ſome bright, beauteous Sphere, take this with you,
And place it there, where lies a heart, that's true,
As mine, from whence it came; There let it reſt,
And baniſh black Oblivion from your Breaſt:
That you may ne're our former Leagues diſown,
Tho' ſeparation doth make two of one.
Long abſence breeds a ſhiv'ring cold in love,
And (Ague-like) doth ardency remove.
Hence by experience we too often find,
That abſent Darlings ſoon ſlip out of mind.
May you then this *Memento* bear along,
Which [ſeal'd with heart] ſhew's no perfidious Tongue.
It bear's ſincere Affection's ſtamp and coin,
And (like the purging Mint) doth droſs diſdain.
Thus now my Zeal a fond Oblation brings,
Till preſence pays more ſtately Offerings.
But whenſoe'r your vacant Eyes ſhall ſee
This monumental Verſe, *Remember me.*

Too much of School.

CUrſt Fate! How long wilt thou me doom to Schools?
Muſt I ne'r mount above the Sphere of Fools,
Who ſcarce their Alphabet can ſcrutinize,
Unleſs the Feſtraw guide their roving Eyes?
Both Latin, and Greek Authors I have read,
And know in higher Elements to tread;
Yet read I may, and read, and read again,
And when all's done, my labour proves but vain:
For no ſublimer ſteps I can aſcend;
My long Beginning's like to want an end.
Within the School's ſevere and diſmal Cell
(As an Impriſon'd peccant) I muſt dwell,
And ſpend my Age in vain: I plow the Sands,
And waſh the Black'moor's Head with fruſtrate hands.
For progreſs now ly's dead; no pains, no ſweat,
Since what I've learnt already I repeat.
But hence I toſs diſturb'd, I take no eaſe,
The oft-boyl'd *Crambe* doth my doom increaſe.
'Twixt Life and Death (like *Tityus*) I do ly,
And wiſh a clear Reprieve, or quite to dy.

An Epilogue to an old Play, as it was acted by Country Bumkins.

OUR Play is done; Concoct it, as you pleaſe;
'Tis time our Theatre ſhould be at eaſe;
Since you have ſeen, what we poor Swains can do,
How we can play the Fool as well as you.
But tho' perhaps ſome Criticks damn our Play,
And ſwear, that we our ignorance betray;
Yet with theſe thoughts it may more currant paſs,
Vt deſint vires, tamen eſt laudanda voluntas.
'Twas Fame (tho' not hereby (we fear) acquir'd)
That then theſe our fantaſtick Souls inſpir'd.
We don't exhauſt your Purſe; Hence we have cauſe,
(Since not your Coyn) to challenge your applauſe.
But ſince o' th' Comick Scene your Tragick brow
To kill the Players doth now Cloudy grow:
We go to celebrate our nuptial rites,
And then to crop the Lover's ſweet delights,
For which prepare a Joy, and ſo good night.

To a very accompliſh'd Lady.

BE pleas'd (Dear Madam!) theſe ſubmiſſive lines
T' accept, which do triumph in their deſigns.

O kindeſt Heav'ns! O moſt propitious Fates!
O proſp'rous Stars! O too too joyful States!
The *Phœnix* now has left th' *Arabian* ſhores,
And in our Hemiſphere aloft now ſoars!
A Heav'n-bred Goddeſs now deſcends on Earth,
And raviſhes the World in Beauty's dearth.
Heav'n hath her charming *Venus* now diſtill'd,
Whoſe ſplendid Beams my heart with bliſs have fill'd.
My Soul (fair Charmer) gluts it ſelf with joys,
E'r ſince it felt the comfort of your rayes.
Heav'n's Monarch did his greateſt bleſſing ſhew,
When he bleſt my Eyes with Heav'n's darling you:
But if *Jove* ſhould ſuch gifts more oft beſtow,
The priding World would too too happy grow,
Nay two Heav'ns there would be of equal bliſs;
And th' envious Gods would ſometimes viſit this.
You (Dear Nymph!) the true *Elyſium* prove,
Fair as *Venus*, kind as the Turtle-Dove.
The Golden Age doth now return in you;
You (like the Day-ſtar) happy times renew.
Old baniſh'd Piety has found a ſhore,
In your fair Breaſt, where lyes all vertue's ſtore.
Heav'n's ſpangled roof too glitters in your Eyes;
You are our Jewel, and our choiceſt prize;
With whom (I vow) no merits upon Earth
Can parallel, for Beauty, Wit, or Birth;
We all can put no prize upon your worth.
But *Sol* ſhall freeze, and Night's pale Goddeſs burn,
The ſolid Globe into its Chaos turn,
Ere I'll deſiſt your Beauty to adore,
And for your Bleſſing Candor to implore.

A Dream.

D. M.

WHen *Morpheus* laſt Night clos'd my ſlumbring Eyes,
And ſleepy vapours did my Brain ſurprize,
How did my active Soul choſe you her Theam,
On which ſhe might inſiſt in golden Dream.
I re'lly thought (the Heav'ns to me being kind,
That put theſe charming Amours in my mind.)
Whilſt I *Parnaſſus* forked top did ſeek,
I found you ſlumb'ring in a ſilent Creek
Near to the Muſes *Helicon*; Where I
With bended Knees firſt pay'd my obſequy;
And then being ſhot with *Cupid*'s Fiery Dart,
I ſought the Joys which Beauty's Charms impart.
I proſtrate fell upon your Snowy Breaſt,
Where ſtrait my raviſh'd Soul did ſeize her Neſt.
Congratulating both our proſp'rous Fate,
We lay ſome Minutes in that joyful ſtate;
And then O how great bliſs my Soul poſſeſt,
Being with your kind and ſweet embraces bleſt.
But whilſt the dawning Morn *Aurora* brings,
My lively Soul return'd with hov'ring wings,
And ſtrait to me rehearſt her rapt'ring joys,
How ſhe had paſt into th' *Elyſian* ways.
And if my Body had from ſleep been freed,
I'd thought that dreams and truth had now agreed.
But tho' it did a fancy'd Image prove,
It may (I hope) portend to me your love.

Mr.

Mr. Pye.

TEll me, O tell me (Sir!) the reaſon, why
Your glutted Eyes, not Stomach did deny
That tempting bait of *Chriſtmas* Gueſts call'd Pye?
Was't Temp'rance: No 'twas rather Modeſty.
Modeſty's Mean (I muſt confeſs) is good;
But Modeſty's extream is ill purſu'd.
Thus when t' her dictates you t' obedient prov'd,
The Mouth deny'd that which the Center lov'd.
But were not you with tim'rous thoughts poſſeſt?
And did ſtrange *Chimæra*'s ſhake your Breaſt.
Whereas you ſate near an Enormous Bug,
Who empty'd one to fill a greater Mug.
Expect therefore, nor don't reſponſe you've done,
Before you plainly ſee all Courſes gone:
Nor (like an Aſs) put up your Inſtrument,
Leſt you too late again the deed repent.

Unto a very fair Lady though ſomewhat freckled.

BEauty (Dear Madam!) is the Poet's Theam,
Religion's Idol, and the Lover's Dream.
'Tis you are Beauty's Darling, Beauty's Joy,
Who need not Art, nor ſuch an idle toy
To force out Love, and wound a doting heart;
But real Beauty grace's ev'ry part.

Your

Your Cheeks (like Peacock's brighter Plumes)
do ſhine,
Compos'd of Metals of a diverſe mind.
For (lo!) therein the Snowy Lilies grow,
And Crimſon Roſes intermixt do blow.
Thoſe neater marks which on your Front remain,
Do not deface, but prove a charming ſtain:
Nay kinder Nature ſeems to place 'em there
As Stars and Lights to govern Mortals here.
Your Face is Heaven's Starry Firmament,
On which Aſtronomers may now content
Themſelves to gaze, and you alone admire,
Who influence the Earth, and govern higher.
Hence did not *Phœbe* ſometimes cloud her light,
And ſeem to frown and fume i' th' o'recaſt Night,
I ſhould have thought that you had ſoar'd up there,
And rul'd your Chariot in the Heav'nly Sphere.
What Monarch can't ſubject his Throne to you,
And to ſo fair a Nymph give honour due?
'Tis ſtrange, great *Jove* doth not his *Juno* leave,
That he might mortal Swains of you bereave,
Whoſe Charm's ſo ſtrong, that Heav'n and Earth
would prove,
Sad, deſp'rate Rivals, vying for your love.
To what intent did Nature you create
Of her refined Clay, and choiceſt State,
Unleſs to charm all mortal hearts aſleep,
To wound the Gods and penetrate the deep?
Yet who can't chooſe, but prove and witneſs this,
That you through Beauty are the Spring of bliſs?
From whom (as from a Fountain) do proceed
Thoſe golden ſtreams, which all true joys do breed.

And

And may thoſe happy ſtreams in you ſtill flow;
And may thoſe cheerful Lilies in you blow;
And may thoſe Roſes planted in your Face
Appear moſt freſh, and never loſe their grace;
As long as *Phœbus* rules the beauteous day,
And *Phœbe* doth by night her rays diſplay;
As long as *Atlas* bears the Heav'nly ſpheres:
As long as *Jove* his Crown and Scepter bears.
That happy, bleſt, and good that Man may prove,
Who ſhall enjoy ſo fair, ſo ſweet a Love.

A Fancy.

IF I had *Dædalean* Wings, my flight
I'd take, and ſee my Fair One ev'ry night:
I'd in the airy Manſions ſoar aloof,
And emulate fair Heaven's ſpangled roof.
No *Phœbus* then to melt my waxen plume,
I'd not (like *Icarus*) receive my doom.
I'd ſtrike the top of our bright Hemiſphere,
And bring down Starry *Venus* for my Dear;
With which I'd (like an Eagle) poſt away,
And offer to my *Cælia* this my Prey;
And when t' her happy Window I was come
(Being with my rapt'ring joys now ſtricken dumb)
I'd (like the burning *Phœnix*) ſtrait begin
To flutter till my *Phœnix* let me in;
But when ſhe had the paſſage ſoon made clear,
I'd on my hov'ring Wings ſalute my Dear,

And

And give to her this Emblem of my love,
To *Venus Venus*, and both from above.
My bright *Idea*'s arms I'd then enjoy,
And 'bout her ſnowy neck my own diſplay;
I'd from her Lips too gently ſteal a kiſs,
And then congratulate our Heav'nly bliſs.
(Like two kind Turtles in the Myrtle ſhades)
We'd coo and bill, until the Morn invades.
But when *Aurora* brings on *Phœbus* ray,
And *Phoſphorus* leads on the hateful day,
And thence breaks off our amours, I would ſeal
Up with ten thouſand kiſſes t' her my zeal;
And then I'd to my former ſeats away;
So till next night adieu unto my Joy.

Requeſting a Letter from his Miſtreſs.

AS when the long-toſt Ark could find no ſhore,
The Dove was ſent to view the waves once more;
Till then with tyred Wings the Pledge of Peace,
She brought, and Harbinger'd the waves decreaſe.
So now being wrackt i' th' raging Sea of love,
My heart implores your hand to play the Dove,
And grant the Olive-Branch wrapt in one line,
That I may hope for Peace, whilſt I'm ſtill thine:
Then ſhall no heart i' th' world be found more true
Than mine, to that bright, charming Goddeſs you.

The

The Nightingale.

DIsband *(O Winter!)* this thy ſable dreſs,
Let florid Garlands new-ſprung joyes expreſs;
The Golden Age returns with ſpeedy Wing,
And we ſhall now enjoy Eternal Spring.
Laſt night I heard ſweet *Philomela* tune
Such warbling notes, that even charm'd the Moon.
Her Syren's Voice made Heaven's Choirs give ear,
Such charming and ſweet melodies to hear.
She *(*like *Amphion)* made each Tree to dance,
And ev'ry ſmiling Stone to give a glance.
Here was th' *Empyreum* of ſweet harmony,
Whoſe Flaſhes high-born Fancies did deſcry.
Whoſe flouriſh (meteor-like*)* did curl the air,
Trembling like ſweet *Apollo*'s gilded hair.
Her quav'ring Voice did up to Heaven rove,
Whilſt ſhe ſang forth the ſweeteſt cares of love.
The Winged People of the Skies can't ſing
Such well-tun'd Anthems to their Heav'nly King,
As thoſe, which this ſweet *Philomela* gave,
Which charm'd the Gods, and did my Soul enſlave.

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As thoſe, which this ſweet *Philomela* gave,
Which charm'd the Gods, and did my Soul enſlave.

Unto a Gentleman very ſtrictly confining my Muſe.

WHen Eagles Wings are clipt, how can they ſoar,
And gaze o' th' nearer Beams with dauntleſs pow'r?
Should Hills oppoſe, how could vaſt *Nilus* flow,
And with its ſtreams make *Ægypt* fruitful grow?
When Fancy is deny'd her tow'ring flight,
How can a Poet ought (but non-ſenſe) write?
Since ſhe delights to wave her frothy Oar
In the vaſt Sea, that's bounded with no ſhore.
She loves to wing away from her own ſource,
And ſcorns all Obſtacles that ſtop her courſe.
No more let Fops then bound a Poet's Wit,
Leſt they themſelves be juſtly damn'd for it;
When the Abortive Product doth appear,
Which their confinement made the Poet bear.

A very pathetical Poem to a Young Lady.

WHat proſp'rous Gales did breath upon my ſails,
Whilſt love was haven'd without uſual toils?

How

How calmly (Madam!) did you ſteal my heart,
When cheerful ſmiles did at me ſeem to dart?
Your Cryſtal Front did bright (like Stars) appear,
Whoſe gloſs enlighten'd our dark Hemiſphere.
Grant me (Dear Madam!) but your charming hand,
And you ſhall have my heart at your command.
My Soul and Body would grow proud, if they
Could but attain your Mandate to obey.
To ſerve ſo fair a Nymph is not a doom,
But Heav'n on Earth as well as Heav'n to come.
If th' enviousFates ſhould ſtorm and prove unkind,
And we from mutual Amours be confin'd,
(Like Heav'n's Monarch) I'd break the ſtrongeſt Tow'rs,
T' imbrace my *Danae* in golden ſhow'rs.
I'd with *Leander* croſs the ſtormy Seas,
That you, my faireſt *Hero*, I might pleaſe.
If Heath'niſh Crews my living Maſs ſhould burn,
If I were headlong thruſt into my Urn,
And (like *Mezentius*) were interr'd alive,
Againſt the ſolid Globe of Earth I'd ſtrive;
Th' eſtabliſh'd Laws of Nature I would croſs,
Nor ſhou'd th' *Elyſian* toys repair my loſs.
(Like *Jove* to's *Semele.*) I'd riſe again,
To you in Thunder to expreſs my pain.
LightningSparks ſplendent (like your lovely eyes)
Shou'd be my Pages, and the Angels ſpies.
The airy Spirits ſhould my Servants ſtand
To wait on me, who wait to kiſs your hand.
Your ſacred Deity (I know) can bear
Theſe radiant Trains without the leaſt of fear.

In your imbraces I'd conſume the day,
And then at Night I'd ſoar the Milky way.
Now an Amphibious Creature I ſhould prove,
And live part here below, and part above.
But when you had ſpun out your fatal thread,
I'd lead you to th' *Elyſium* of the dead;
Where we in ſhades with claſped arms would ly,
Imbracing Bliſs to all Eternity.

The Change.

I Once admired Beauty's charming pow'r,
And dreamed on my Fair One ev'ry hour:
But now ſince I'm the object of her ſcorn,
Than which I'd rather death it ſelf have born;
Farewel the Follies of a gilded Brow,
Where Crimſon Roſes, and fair Lilies grow;
Which (like the Damask Jewels) fade away,
And flouriſh, fall, and dy, all in one day.
Thus Vi'lets bluſhing on the Morning Sun,
Do hide their Heads before his courſe be-done.
If I on Beauty have a mind to gaze,
I'll have that mine, which ſo ſhort time ſhan't raze.
Ægyptian Monuments ſhall be my Bride,
Which don't (like Women) glory in their Pride:
Or elſe to Heaven I'll attoll my Eyes,
And there admire the glory of the Skies;
With which there's none on Earth can parallel,
Whilſt glitt'ring Stars the faireſt Eyes excel.

So

So fair a Front no Earthly *Phœnix* wears,
As *Phœbe* doth riding i' th' lofty Spheres.
No Earthly Beauty then I'll more adore,
Nor e're for Beauty's faireſt Queen implore:
The ſpangled Heaven ſhall my Miſtreſs be,
To which I'll tend my cries, and bend my knee.

Acroſticks.

On Mrs Bridget Wood.

B oaſt th' happy World of theſe *Halcyon* days,
R iſing from you the native ſpring of joys.
I n you the fainting World begins to move,
D rowning all cares i' th' Ecſtaſies of love.
G *reat-Britain*'s ſhore a Paradiſe became,
E re ſince kind Heaven bleſt it with your name;
T his is our blazing Star, our Nation's Fame.

W itty, brisk, kind, and fair, nay Pious too
(*O* Heav'ns!) you are: Who merits thus like you?
O Muſes Darling, Hail! Hail, Beauty's gem,
D ropt to Earth from Heav'n in a golden dream.

On Madam Frances Boſworth.

F arewel to frowning Nature's Tragick Face;
R eſplendent Beauty now the Scene doth grace.
A Venus lightens our dark Hemiſphere,
N or doth ſhe leſs than Heaven's pow'rs appear:
C onfinement only to theſe Earthly toys
E clipſes (Madam!) your Cœleſtial rayes:
S eize Heav'n, and you ſhall have Immortal praiſe.

B eauty's chief Idol, and true vertue's gem
(*O* Heav'ns!) you prove, and honours noble ſtem.
S erener Nature all her gifts did heap,
W hen you her deareſt Darling ſhe did ſhape;
O r (like *Apelles*) the whole World did fleece;
R ejoycing to make you her Maſter-piece.
T he Heav'ns triumph in theſe too happy days,
H ail, faireſt *Phœnix*, and the Font of joys.

On

On Madam Anna Cole.

ASſiſt (O Muſe!) the ſubject is too high
For ſuch a ruſtick ſilly Swain as I.

A ll former times your worth (Dear Madam) ſhew;
N o ſacred Nymph was e're ſo fair as you.
N ot *Greece* may charming *Hellen* more admire,
A fairer *Venus* doth our Souls inſpire.

C an't this tho' ſeem a grand myſterious truth,
O nce that a *Cole* ſhould prove ſo fair forſooth:
L o! candid Lilies in this *Cole* do blow;
E ach lovely part appears like driven ſnow.

If this poor piece my meanneſs hath betray'd,
(Fair Madam!) pardon, 'cauſe you were obey'd.

Another on Madam Frances Boſworth.

F rom Beauty (Madam!) flows your Poet's theam,
R eligion's Idol, and the Lover's dream.
A fairer Nymph the World did never know,
N or could the Heav'ns a greater gift beſtow
C onceding you, then when they bleſt our Coaſts,
E ach charmed heart ſince of your influence boaſts.
S ure Nature made you of refined Clay,

B eing kind to Man, and ſtudious of his joy;
O r Heaven's Senate did your beams diſmiſs,
S treaming on Mortals their cœleſtial bliſs.
W iſe, fair you be, nay good and vertuous too;
O f which each act's a proof that comes from you.
R ejoice the World; Rejoice ye mortal Crew,
T wo Heav'ns to us the kindeſt Gods do ſhew;
H eav'n with them, and Heav'n (Dear Madam) with you.

In

In eandem.

F *auſta dies! felix tempus! Redit Aurea Proles,*
R *edduntur mundi gaudia prima ſacri.*
A *uſter mutatur Zephyro; Fugêre labores;*
N *ullus adeſt mœror; Nullus adeſtq; dolor.*
C *uncta renaſcentis gaudent confinia mundi;*
E *t nunc virtutes, nunc pietaſq; viget:*
S *aturni veteris redeunt ſic tempora læta!*

B *uccina nulla ſtrepit; Ridet at alma quies.*
O *felix ævum! Quam proſpera ſecula currunt!*
S *ic tu lætitiam (Nympha Venuſta!) paris!*
V *irtus influxu, radiis tua forma coruſcis,*
V *ultus ſideribus pectora noſtra beat!*
O *faciles ſuperi! Claro de limine Cœli*
R *edditur alma Venus; Numen habemus, Ave.*
T *ellus ſit Cœlum; Cœlum (Dea pulchra!) tuliſti;*
H *inc tibi ſacra cadant; Hinc tibi Thura fluant.*

Of Man.

M ay'ſt thou (Hyperbolized nothing Man,
A n empty ſhade, or Bubble!) know thy ſpan,
N ow Life, ſtrait Death; ſo frail a Creature's Man.

On Beauty in its praiſe.

B right Beauty doth the World's chief Idol prove;
E ach charming feature doth affection move.
A Heav'n on Earth through Beauty we enjoy;
V ain are all Forts, where Beauty leads the way.
T he Gods themſelves to Beauty's charms indulge;
Y ear's frozen Ice fair Beauty's beams infulge.

On Time.

T ime ſtays for none, but ſtill with fleeting wings
I s poſting on: With Scythe our doom ſhe brings:
M ade bald behind ſhe's too; Take Lock before,
E lſe once being paſt, you ne're will ſee it more.

On Death.

D eath's fatal ſtroke in time will pierce all hearts,
E ach mortal Man lies ſubject to her Darts.
A Prince and Peaſant in thy Laws agree,
(T hou Death!) that ſummon'ſt all away to thee:
H ence we but frail and fading Bloſſoms be.

Epi-

Epigrams.

Unto Madam Wood.

THE Fawns and Satyrs once the ſacred Woods did ſtore;
But never was a *Wood* a Goddeſs made before.
We now have (thanks to Fate) a Goddeſs and a *Wood*,
In you the double comfort of this mortal brood.
For (like a Goddeſs) you do fill the World with grace,
And in your arms you (like a ſhelt'ring Wood, embrace.

In Paulam naſum oblongum ſortientem.

AVricomâ Venere, & formâ formoſior ipſâ
Paula foret, brevior ſi modo Naſus erat.
Mille juventutis flagrantis baſia Paula
Acciperet, brevior ſi modò Naſus erat.
Deniq; connubio frueretur Paula beato,
Ter felix, brevior ſi modò naſus erat.
Conſilium ſi (Paula!) meum petis, ultima naſi
Pars rahe, nec Tantum Rhinocerotis habe.

In Roſellam odoribus nimis indulgentem.

Jvrabo, quod ſis hederâ formoſior albâ,
Et puto quod morbis (pulchra Roſella!) cares.
Sed quorſum cunctis membris diapaſmata ſpirant?
Crede mihi, bene olet (nil olitura) Venus.

De Leone, & Cane.

DVM pavidum Leporem ſequitur Canis acris Aſylum,
Commiſerans tutum præbuit ora Leo.
Hoc decus (en!) fuerat, Romani Cæſaris olim;
Dignius at tu nunc Maxime Cæſar habes;
Dum Canis atq; Leo concordant, vivitur una,
Amplexaſq; Canem dormitat ungue Leo:
Quos decet eſſe hominum tali ſub Principe mores,
Dum fera miteſcens nil feritatis habet.

Ad Amicam.

NYmpha, Venus, Pallas, Virtus, Dea, Virgo, Virago,
Indulge lachrymis; Verba ſuprema cape.
En! Lachrymæ trivêre genas, ſuſpiria pectus;
Venit ſumma dies; Captus amore cado.

On

upon

COY Phillis
And ſwea
And if in Comp
Her Lips but to
But if in private
She'll with her
Thus Maids affe
And kiſſing love

WHat do
br
Thou'rt ſweet
ev'ry thing
The ſweet Pon
Thy poys'nous

WEll-bre
Thro
your Bree
Nay 'tis force
Whoſe half-eat

On Phillis.

COY *Phillis* vows ſhe hates a kiſs,
And ſwears from thence proceeds no bliſs;
And if in Company you dare
Her Lips but touch, ſhe'll tear your hair:
But if in private you her greet,
She'll with her open Mouth you meet:
Thus Maids affect a ſilent joy,
And kiſſing love, tho' they ſeem coy.

On Superba.

WHat double Scents (*Superba!*) thou doſt bring?
Thou'rt ſweet, yet ſtink'ſt; Thou ſmel'ſt of ev'ry thing.
The ſweet *Pomanders* do thy toys perfume;
Thy poys'nous breath my Spirits doth conſume.

On Ficoſa.

WEll-bred *Ficoſa* doth ſo tune her ſpeech,
Thro' Noſe, you'd ſwear, ſhe'd imitate your Breech.
Nay 'tis force put; for ſhe is an old Strumpet,
Whoſe half-eat Noſe doth wrattle like a Trumpet.

Unto

Unto Rembombo.

MY loathing heart (*Rembombo !*) can't thee love,
Nor can I this with Arguments now prove:
Of this thing only can I thee aſſure,
I can't thee for thy noyſom Breath endure.

Love.

MY Heart is gone, no more it is mine own;
For ſhe that claims it, who can't ſcorn a Crown?

Fiery Paſſion.

MY Deareſt Life! I cannot brook delay,
Haſte, fly, come quick, or elſe I dy this day.

Deſpair.

MY Fair One's Fire is into Ice congeal'd,
And hence (alas!) my horrid doom is ſeal'd.
Break, Break (O Heart!) Weep tears of blood (O Eyes)
I now muſt dy love's martyr'd Sacrifice.

The

The laſt Petition.

GRant me my laſt requeſt (My fatal Dear!)
Upon my Fun'ral Urn diſtil a tear.
'Tis but a Debt moſt due and juſt, ſince I
For you alone did Rivers weep, and dy.

An Ode unto a ſcornful Lady.

1.

WHY (proud *Lucynda!*) why
Doſt hold thy Head ſo high
Above our Spheres? Would'ſt thou fain center *Jove*,
And with Pride charm him down
A Vaſſal to thy frown?
Alas! The Gods ſuch tow'ring hearts ne'r love.

2.

Tho' Roſes mixt with Snow,
By art do florid blow:
In thy fictitious Cheeks, who will adore
Such gilded trifling toys,
Such falſe and fleeting joys,
Which kill, when pleaſe, and then are ſeen no more.

3. Thou'rt

3.

Thou'rt now puſt up with Pride,
And ſcorn'ſt to be a Bride,
Unleſs to Heav'n: Swell up your pregnant Sails,
And ſoar there, if you can!
Thy Life is but a ſpan,
As well as mine: Know fate will pitch her Toils.

4.

Thy bluſt'ring Pride can't ſave
Thee from the vorant Grave;
But when thou haſt a few more minutes ſpent,
The terror of decay
Will fright thee into Clay,
And then in duſt thy lofty Pride's impent.

5.

Thy Ruby Lips; Thy Eyes
Like Starry Orbs; Thy Skies
Of Marble Veins (when pale-fac'd Death ſhall ſeiſe)
(Like mine) muſt fade away,
And turn again to clay,
Nor are they better in the Urn than theſe.

6.

Why then doſt thou thus ride
Upon the Wings of Pride,
And ſcorn adoring Man, as tho' unmeet
For one ſo fair as you?
Know, Beauty 'll ſoon adieu;
And then who 'll e're fall proſtrate at your feet?

An Ode to his jealous Miſtreſs.

1.

MAdam! I thought your Faith had been more ſtrong,
Than to believe, that ever I could wrong
Love vow'd to you my Soul's delight,
And only Joy, tho' envious ſpite
Accus'd me falſe to you,
When (Heaven knows) I'm true.

2.

True, True, reſolv'd, and conſtant I abide,
And do not ſteer away with ev'ry Tide,
As falſe and fickle Lovers do,
Whoſe Appetites are ſtill for new.
(By Heav'ns) you have my heart,
From whom it can't depart.

3.

The Center that is fix'd to *Jove*'s great Throne,
Can ſooner be diſcus'd, than one, ev'n one
Of all my former vows to you
Be broke, and I perfidious grow.
I'll (like *Leander*) prove
Still conſtant in my love.

4.

Then don't let that accurſt Dog Jealouſie
(Backt with report) more gripe, and torture thee:
Your faithful Servant I'll remain,
As long as Heav'ns me life do deign;
Now what my Pen hath vow'd,
My Paſſion will make good.

SONGS.

1.

WHen through the Woods a nimble Deer
I vig'rous once did chaſe,
And brandiſhing my fatal Spear,
Oppos'd his horned Face.

2.

When *Rock-wood* made the Groves to ring,
I (like *Actæon*) found
Diana ſlumb'ring near a Spring,
Lay claſpt upon the ground.

3.

I thought it was ſome Goddeſs lay
Enwrapt in golden dreams;
Her Snowy Arms ſhe did diſplay,
Lul'd faſt with murm'ring ſtreams.

4.
I firſt refus'd her gentle eaſe
To break with obſequies;
But then my Paſſion did encreaſe,
And I unclos'd her Eyes.

5.
Which (like two riſing Suns) did ſhine,
When the lov'lieſt Creature
To me did joyfully reſign
Every ſmiling feature.

6.
I rais'd her up, and did ſalute
Her with a tender kiſs;
And when her Spirits did recruit,
She conſummates my bliſs.

7.
What raptures did my burning Breaſt
With am'rous joys inſpire!
How was my zealous heart poſſeſt
With loves, love's gentle fire!

8.
At length (alas!) *Sol*'s abſent ray
The glimmering World defaces:
And thus we ſpent that happy day
In mutual imbraces.

The Syren.

1.

WHen *Phœbus* dipt his bluſhing rays
In the deep *Euxine* Port,
And eager of his rapt'ring joys,
To's *Tethys* did reſort:

2.

I gently mov'd my careleſs Feet
To crop the Ev'ning joys,
And near a purling ſtream ſo ſweet,
I heard my Fair One's Voice.

3.

Where I lay down on the ſoft graſs,
To liſten to her art;
Whilſt ev'ry note and high-rais'd flaſh
Did penetrate my heart.

4.

She (like the charming Nightingale)
Did her ſweet cares complain;
Whilſt ev'ry whiſp'ring gentle gale,
Did breathe to me her pain.

5.

Love's raptures then my Soul did ſeiſe,
And urg'd me to proceed;
Nor I my Paſſion could appeaſe,
Until her charms agreed.

6. She

6.

She then did chearful words impart,
'Twas time (Dear Joy !) to riſe,
Whereas I ſee thy burning heart
To ſparkle through thine Eyes.

The Acqueſt.

1.

LOng, long had my Fair One ſeem'd coy,
And blaſted my hopes with a Nay;
But at length th' fierce flame of deſire,
And ſenſe of true joy,
Did ſteal her away,
And blow'd up her languiſhing fire.

2.

Love, Love in her heart is now come,
And lights up his Torch with new flame:
She loves me, ſhe hugs me, and clips;
No more ſhe'll conceal,
Nor ſtifle her zeal,
With Kiſſes ſhe'll wear out my Lips.

3.

Coy frowns are now chang'd into ſmiles,
And hope all deſpair now beguiles;
With glances ſhe vows me her love,
With ſighs ſhe doth ſeal
To me her hearts zeal,
And in raptures doth coo like a Dove,

4.
To me then (my Fair One) reſort,
That we (like two Turtles) may ſport
In the pleaſures of love, and enjoy,
What your ſcorn ſo long
From us did prolong,
And never no more be ſo coy.

A Catch.

1.
LET the Brimmers go round
Like the Sun in the Sky,
And the Glaſſes be crown'd,
Till a Globe they deſcry.

2.
In th' Abyſs of the Bowls
Let us plunge all dull care,
And let's ſwell up our Souls
With our Nectar ſo rare.

3.
We'll this Night drink and ſing,
And briſk *Bacchus* admire;
But when Morning doth ſpring,
We'll begin to retire.

4. Then

4.
Then make uſe of your time,
Come, troul it away;
For I think it no crime,
Thus our lives to enjoy.

The Shepherd.

1.
WHilſt I my tender Flocks did feed
In *Tempe*'s lovely Plains,
And when from care my Breaſt was freed
Amongſt the rural Swains:

2.
I ſpy'd a ſhady Willow-Bed
Near to my grazing Sheep,
Where I lay'd down my thoughtleſs Head,
And tun'd my ſelf aſleep.

3.
My Dear *Florella* paſſing by
My trembling hand did take;
And mov'd me with a gentle cry,
Ah, *Corydon*, awake!

4.
At firſt ſhe ſeem'd to be a Grace
To my dim, ſlumb'ring Eyes:
At length I knew *Florella*'s Face,
And did to her ariſe.

5.
In mutual arms with equal flame,
We did each other hold;
And when the dawning Ev'ning came,
We drove our Flocks to fold.

A Catch.

COme, Come (Boys!) fill up your Glaſſes,
And drink to the Laſſes;
Let cheerful *Bacchus* now abound,
And Kiſſes too go round.

Let ev'ry Man now take his Glaſs,
And 's kiſs preſent to's Laſs:
For he's a ſluggiſh drowzy Aſs,
That will let either paſs.

Good Wine will make us brisk and gay,
And fill our hearts with joy;
And then a lovely Damſel's kiſs
Will conſummate our bliſs.

No one was ever in the dumps
Whilſt Wine and Virgin's Rumps
He did purſue; Here lies pleaſure,
And the World's choice treaſure.

Strike

Strike up then (Sparks!) And fear no claps
In theſe ſweet Virgins Laps.
But when you do new Spirits lack,
Here's good *Maligo* Sack.

Love abus'd turns to hate.

1.

I Never thought I could be ſhot
With *Cupid*'s fiery Dart;
But now he hath Dominion got,
And penetrates my heart:
For *Cupid*'s Arrows do reſiſtleſs prove,
And all are ſubject to the charms of love.

2.

When firſt *Althea*'s lovely Eyes
On me did ſeem to play,
She did my Spirits ſtrait ſurpriſe,
And rapt my Soul away.
So ſoon a Damſel's glance and charming ſmile
Doth fire our Breaſts, and make our Blood to boyl!

3.

I then beſeech'd my Deareſt Love
To conſummate my Joys,
And meet me in a ſilent Grove
With *Phœbus* ſetting rays.
For what's the rapt'ring bliſs of Lovers charms,
When they ly claſped in each others arms?

4.

I long did wait 'twixt hope and fear,
And ev'ry gentle gale,
That lightly toucht my liſt'ning Ear,
I thought *Althea*'s call.
How great, how ſtrong, (alas) was love's love's (pow'r,
When ev'ry minute ſeem'd a tedious hour?

5.

At length of her I did deſpair,
And all my hopes reſign:
Ah falſe *Althea!* Tho' ſo fair,
Yet thou doſt prove unkind.
Now that, which I ſo dearly lov'd, I hate;
And that I ever lov'd, I curſe my Fate.

LIFE.

1.

WHat is Life, if we live
Still dying with cares?
If we languiſh and grieve,
Still damned to fears?
'Tis Hell upon Earth, and a Grave, that is made
Before we are dead, and our Fate doth invade.

2.

Why are bleſſings ſhowr'd down,
If not to be enjoy'd?
Why doth Nectar abound,
If uſe is deny'd?
Sure the Gods for Man's mirth conſult and his joy,
When Vineyards their Crowns of fair Grapes do diſplay.

3.

Then no more let's repine;
Let ſorrow away;
But let's ſqueeze out the Wine,
Then taſte and enjoy:
Leſt the Gods thro' neglect ſhould their favours detain,
For Bleſſings unus'd become needleſs and vain.

4.

Ah! Then fill up the Bowl,
(Like Poets) we'll bibble:
And whilſt round it doth roul,
With Miſſes we'll quibble:
For he that revolts from his Glaſs or his Laſs,
Is juſtly eſteem'd a nonſenſical Aſs.

The

The fair Enchantreſs.

1.

WHat pow'rful charms *Caliſto*'s Eyes
Do prove to mortal Swains!
They make our Paſſion ſtrait ariſe,
And ſoon enflame our veins.

2.

Her charming ſmiles do pierce our hearts,
And ſtrait our Souls enthral,
Her Ruby Lips do wound like Darts,
To which we Victims fall.

3.

We gaze, we gaze; ſtill more admire,
And all we know, 's to yield:
She burns our Breaſts with ſecret fire,
And conq'ring quits the field.

4.

My Dear *Caliſto!* Conſolate
Your Lover's bleeding heart,
And (which you've caus'd) ſoon cure my fate,
Or elſe my Life's but ſhort.

A Catch.

1.

LET Stateſmen their honour advance,
Let the Prodigals pride,
And ſtill deck up each ſide,
With Pamphlets *All-a-mode de France.*

2.

Let Puritans vertue improve;
Let the Miſers ne're reſt
Till with bleſſings oppreſt,
Still dreading t' enjoy what they love.

3.

(Alas!) Let ſuch cares all adieu,
Let damn'd troubles farewel,
That are wont to rebel
'Gainſt us, when we pleaſures purſue.

4.

Come, Come (Boys!) we'll drown 'em in Wine,
We'll drink till w' are free,
Then away we will flee,
And our hearts to our Miſſes reſign.

Muſick's

Muſick's Empyreum, *occaſioned by the ſight of a young Lady playing on the Flute near St. James's Park.*

1.

AS lovely *Delia* charming ſate
Near *Tagus* golden ſtreams,
And warbling out her *Syren*'s art,
Diſplay'd her beauteous beams:

2.

The glorious Angels Thrones above
Forſook, her tunes to hear,
And Heav'n's bright Choirs did Rivals prove,
Which ſhould her Triumphs bear.

3.

Her charms the Cryſtal Rivers won,
To ſtop their courſe and ſtay;
Whilſt Nymphs about 'em joyful run,
And th' feather'd Crew did play.

4.

Brisk Echo from the trembling Grove
Did break her ſhrilleſt Voice,
And ſtill in vain to anſwer ſtrove,
Whilſt ev'ry Tree rejoyc'd.

5. The

5.

The nimble Harts did skip for joy,
When ſtrait they heard her charms;
And ev'ry ſpark did wiſh and pray
To claſp her Snowy Arms.

6.

But tho' in vain fond wiſhes were,
Yet they had pow'r to pleaſe;
So Lovers ſometimes baniſh care,
When nothing elſe can eaſe.

The Priſoner's Complaint.

IF Heaven's choir can pity take,
If God's poor Swains don't ſtill forſake,
Send me relief;
Whoſe heart is full of tort'ring pains,
Whoſe reſtleſs Soul (alas!) contains
A Tyde of grief.

I'm now involv'd in diſmal Cell,
Much like the deep Abyſs of Hell:
Alas! My woe!
I once did happy times enjoy,
And taſted pleaſures ev'ry day,
Tho' now 'tis ſo.

Hence far more wretched I become,
And think it now a greater doom
To be confin'd:
Where Iron Bands my Members preſs,
And tire my Limbs, nor do they leſs
Diſturb my mind.

No ſweet Parentheſis of eaſe
Doth my continu'd pangs appeaſe;
I'm ſtill in Death:
The Stone of *Siſyphus* I roul,
And *Tityan* Vultures tear my Soul.
Oh Hell on Earth!

My Summer Friends are from me gone,
I'm now in Winter left alone;
What Friends had I?
O Gods! ſoon eaſe my ſorrow's weight
With your kind hands, or elſe I'll ſtrait
Deſpair and dy.

The Effeminate Courtſhip.

1.

LOng, Long *Amaryllis* had woo'd,
And for her *Menalcas* had ſu'd,
When ſtill he repuls'd her the more,
And the colder he grew.
But th' earneſter ſhe did implore,
And ſtill urg'd him anew.
Still cruel? ſtill cruel? Oh! Why
Wilt leave me to languiſh and dy?

1. Thou

2.

Thou triumph'ſt enthron'd in my heart,
Which *Cupid* has pierc'd with his Dart:
I'll love thee, I'll clip thee, I'll hug
Thee about with my Arms;
I'll ſport thee, I'll kiſs thee and ſmug,
And I'll lull thee with charms.
Still, &c.

3.

My heart I will freely reſign,
And ſtill to thy will I'll incline:
As true, as true Blue I will prove;
No Ram's Horns ſhalt thou wear,
Nor e're in the Frigat ſhalt move,
Which peckt Cuckolds doth bear.
Still, &c.

4.

Don't I ſmile, and ſlick up my brow,
And call you to Dinner from Plow?
And every moment you ſtay,
When I've call'd, ſeems a year:
And do not I thee ſtill obey,
And endeavour t' endear?
Still, &c.

5.

In Marriage let's firmly then join,
And all, that is mine, ſhall be thine.
The Cart and the Plow thou may'ſt drive,
And get money apace;
I'll Knit, Spin, and Card, and I'll ſtrive
To procure thee a Race.
Still, &c.

6.

Each year I will bring thee a Calf,
As big as a Bull and a half;
And when we have rear'd theſe, brave Boys,
Then they Carters ſhall be;
I'll bring too a bonny brave *Joice*,
To crush Cheeſes with me.
Still cruel? ſtill cruel? Oh! Why
Wilt leave me to languiſh and dy?

The Invitation.

1.

APproach, my pretty Dear,
And ſit upon my Knee;
What Omen doſt thou hear,
That makes thee fly from me.

2. Why

2.
Why fear'ſt thy Maiden-head
To give to one ſo true?
Thou ſhalt have mine inſtead,
And I'll exchange with you.

3.
To what intent had you
Your Sex from Heav'n above?
'Leſs you its uſe do ſhew
By th' ecſtaſies of love.

4.
What pleaſures hence do ſpring,
We both ſhall ſwim in joy,
Nor envy Prince, nor King;
Then why doſt ſeem ſo coy?

5.
What doſt thou yet ev'n frown?
A pox upon ſuch toys;
Come, Come (My Dear!) ly down,
And we'll promote our joys.

The Sympathy.

1.
O Fair *Clorina*! Whom doth fate
Thus menace in your brow?
Can I thy joys anew create,
And make thee happy grow?

2.

Ye Heav'ns! To me reveal the cauſe,
That makes my Fair One grieve:
'Tis Death to me amaz'd to pauſe,
And not her pains relieve.

3.

My Soul's Soul, and my Joy! declare,
From whence theſe ſtorms ariſe:
Let me abſterge each pearly tear,
That ſparkles in thine Eyes.

4.

Clear up thy Front, and change this Scene,
Let joys expel ſad care:
Doſt think thy frets by me are ſeen,
And I not bear a ſhare?

A drinking Song.

1.

LEt's drink up our Wine,
Our Wits 't will refine;
It baniſhes care, it procreates joy;
'T will make us both wiſe, both frolick and gay.

2.

Great Souls it doth raiſe
To a rapture of joys;
It quickens the thoughts; The fancy inſpires,
And flames up a Poet with vap'ring Fires.

3. *Apollo*

3.

Apollo can prove,
That Nectar doth move
The mental conceit, with fancycal flight,
He high'ſt aſpires, when h' as tipl'd all night.

4.

Then fill up the Glaſs,
By none let it paſs,
And here is a Health to our gracious King,
For whom we will drain out old *Bacchus*'s Spring.

The Beggar's Felicity.

1.

LO! Lo! How the Beggars now play;
They Sun their fat Herds,
They ſtroke their long Beards,
And mantle themſelves in *Sol*'s ray.

2.

They wander through every coaſt,
And never do ſtray,
Nor miſs of their way;
But of their brown Laſſes they boaſt.

3.

With hunger when they are oppreſt,
Their Packs they unlooſe,
And Scraps do educe,
Whilſt on the ſoft Graſs they do feaſt.

4.

Grim Envy at them ne're doth ſtrike;
Securely they ſleep,
And ſafe o' th' ground creep:
Like Snow that doth reſt in the Dike.

5.

No cares do perplex their free brain;
But when they can get
A penny, they're great,
And merrily ſpend it again.

6.

Their Pets they embrace and enjoy;
They carry the Pack,
With Baſtard at back,
And none are ſo happy as they.

7.

All day they do rant and they ſing;
When Night doth o're ſpread,
They ſeek not a Bed,
But ligg near ſome murm'ring Spring.

8.

Where the Heav'ns their Canopy prove;
The Stars do enlight
Their Chambers at night,
Whilſt they ſport in the raptures of love.

9. Thus

9.
Thus Beggers have joy without end;
Thus Vagrants a Life
Enjoy without ſtrife,
And Monarchs in bliſs do tranſcend.

The Diſſolution.

1.
WHat fatal influence rules the day?
What cruel Planet bears the ſway?
That makes *Clariſſa* ſeem ſo coy.

2.
Her ſparkling Eyes (like Lightning) dart
Their fiery flaſhes at my heart,
Which can ne're melt, nor feel the ſmart.

3.
Her Front with Clouds doth ly obſcur'd,
Yet thence no drops can be allur'd,
To quench my Flames by her inur'd.

4.
Should I on her ſow'r Face preſume
To caſt a glance, ſhe ſtrait would fume,
As though thereby t' increaſe my doom.

5.

But fy (*Clariſſa*!) why doſt frown,
On whom thou canſt no more caſt down;
Becauſe I am no more thine own.

6.

For none but Fools, whoſe weaker brain
Diſtemper'd doats, would love retain
For thoſe, who will not love again.

The Voyage.

1.

YE ſacred Pow'rs! that rule the Main,
Ye Nymphs! that ſport i' th' Deep,
Green *Neptune*'s Tridens, and his Train,
Whoſe Laws the Waters keep;
To you I truſt my ſelf; With proſp'rous Gales
Therefore may you promote my pregnant Sails.

2.

O' th' ſordid Land let others ruſt,
In purer Spheres I'll live;
Nor ſhall the ſtorms deject my truſt,
Nor curled Waves me grieve.
For ſtill the Gods do innocence protect;
On threat'ning Fate I'll dauntleſs then deſpect.

3. Tho'

3.

Tho' greedy Death doth ſeem to ride
O' th' back of ev'ry wave;
And when it does again ſubſide,
It ſhews to me a Grave;
I'll not through fear my Votives ſwear to pay,
But I'll triumph, and ſwell as well as they.

4.

The barking *Scylla* I'll not fear,
Nor deep *Charybdis* dread:
Thro' Rocks, thro' Storms, thro' Sands I'll ſtear
Safe to my Haven's Bed.
And when the Winds do ſigh and toſs the Main,
I'll mock them with my feigned ſighs again.

5.

The *Indians* Gold I'll ſee, but ſpurn;
The *Trojan* ſoil I'll view;
To *Venice* I'll my Streamers turn,
And then to *Rome* I'll go.
The mirrors of all Coaſts I will purſue,
And ſearch the wonders of the Ocean too.

6.

O then what pleaſure will it be,
When I'm arriv'd my ſhore,
To recollect the caſualty,
That I've endur'd before.
The grateful memory of dangers paſt
Doth conſolate, ev'n till we breathe our laſt.

The

The Hunt.

HArk yonder, how the Woods do ring!
Diana's ſport doth now begin.
Briſk Echo doth reverberate,
What ſweet-tongu'd *Chanter* doth relate.
It puts to bluſh the Morning ray,
To ſee the Nymphs ſo poſt away.
The great *Apollo* ſtrings his Bow,
And at the prey his Darts doth throw:
Out comes the Stag, which when they ſee,
Away the little Lurkers flee.
Fly, nimble *Swift* do run in view,
And juſt i' th' Breech the prey purſue:
Thro' Hills, thro' Dales, thro' Groves they fleet,
And thred the Thicks with winged Feet.
When Jovy *Rock-wood* his Voice ſhows,
And with full ſcent holds up his Noſe;
Bold *Rav'ner*, and ſtout *Thunder* too,
Do Muſick to their Ears renew.
But (lo!) they're all now at a Mute,
When true-nos'd *Whisker* find's purſuit;
And ope's his Jaws, then with full cry
Away they whisk (like Wind) and fly.
The tim'rous Stag they view again,
And without loſs the ſcent retain.
They run (like Lightning) and ſo ſmart,
That they'll ſoon break his panting Heart.
Down drops the Prey, the Dogs do ſeize,
Till them the Huntſman doth appeaſe.

He

He winds retreats, and with his Spear
Well-poys'd, doth pierce th' expiring Deer.

Gynephilia.

1.

LET thoſe (that will) fair Women hate,
And quite abhor;
Cauſe they ſuppoſe, they faſcinate
Thoſe that adore.
I'll thank my Stars, I may
So great a bliſs enjoy.

2.

So fair a piece as Woman is
The World can't ſhew;
She's the *Elyſium* of true bliſs,
Our Idol too.
Her Front, her Cheeks, her Eyes,
May well the Gods ſurprife.

3.

With charms ſhe chaſes care away
From poor Man's Breaſt:
She fills his Soul with rapt'ring joy,
And makes him bleſt:
Her ſmiles, her friſks, and glance,
His Soul to Heav'n advance.

4. To

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4. To

4.

To Gods themſelves we come moſt near,
When true love reigns;
Hence we to th' ſtars (like Comets) Sphere
With fiery trains.
Thus Heav'nly joys abound,
When love's pure Sphere turns round.

To the Fair One.

1.

HOW *Cupid* in *Clarinda*'s Eyes
Doth skip, doth ſport and play!
From whence his flaming Arrow flies,
And makes us all obey.

2.

We (like the *Perſians*) do adore
Thoſe glorious Orbs of thine;
And when we may not ſee them more,
In Sables we repine.

3.

The *Venus*-Star is not ſo bright,
When Night's dark Scene doth draw;
As thy fair Eyes, which can by right
To Monarchs give a Law.

4. (My

4.
(My Dear *Clarinda!*) don't be coy,
Nor dart on me a frown;
Leſt you your Lover quite diſmay,
And caſt your Suiter down.

The Combate.

1.
AS *Strephon* and fair *Flora* lay,
Enwrapt with claſped Arms,
And ſilent cropt the rapt'ring joy,
That flows from Beauty's charms:

2.
The much-belov'd *Amyntas* came
To pay his Sacrifice,
And ſtrait ſpy'd out their ſecret Game,
With 's envious ſparkling Eyes.

3.
He then incens'd could not endure
A Rival of his Love;
But did his Foe forthwith aſſure,
His right to her he'd prove.

4.
They then an equal Duel fought
For her their only prize,
Until her trembling Spirits taught
Their Hearts to ſympathize.

5. She

5.

She sigh'd, and strait did prostrate fall,
To beg a mutual Peace:
Oh Heav'ns! Oh Heav'ns! To you I call
Their Passion to appease.

6.

Each furious blow to me brings Death;
Hold, Hold, these thoughts resign;
Will ye drive out my wav'ring Breath?
Was ever Fate like mine?

The Lover's Complaint.

1.

WHY dost thou, cruel God of Love,
So wound my flagrant heart?
Thy tort'ring Brand I can't remove
By all the helps of Art.

2.

I burn, I freeze, I take no ease,
But toss like Waves o' th' main:
I hate, I love; My pains encrease;
I strive (alas!) in vain.

3.

My Fair One's scorn, nor cold repulse
Extinguish not my fire;
The more she frowns, and seems averse,
The more I her admire.

4. What

4.
What then may I now ruminate;
All hopes of her do fly:
Deſpair muſt prove my horrid fate,
I'll languiſh, faint and dy.

The Lover's Wiſh.

1.
LET Monarchs triumph in their Pride,
And *Ceſars* at Court ſtill reſide;
Jove *grant me the* Phœnix *I love,*
Then th' happieſt of Swains I ſhall prove.

2.
The Pomps of the World I reject,
Which cannot from troubles protect.
Jove, *&c.*

3.
Love's raptures the ſweeteſt of toys,
Which locks up our ſenſes in joys.
Jove, *&c.*

4.
Love's charms ſtill great Souls ſhould inſpire,
And warm their brave Blood with hot fire.
Jove, *&c.*

5. The

5.

The *Elysium* of bliss we enjoy,
When love in our hearts bears the sway.
Jove *grant me the* Phœnix *I love,*
Then the happiest of Swains I shall prove.

Ἀρηίφιλος.

1.

TO *Mars* I will my Life devote;
Come (*Vulcan!*) come, make me a Coat
Of Mail; Command each Slave,
That works in *Ætna*'s Cave,
My Thunderbolts to carve.

2.

(*Achilles*-like) in Armour bright
I'll march and lead the Fight;
My Sword shall clear the way,
And to Thee Victims pay
By ev'ry Man I slay.

3.

On threat'ning Death I'll boldly gaze;
No terrors shall my Soul amaze:
My Courser I will ride,
And (like a Bride-groom) Pride,
To marry Death my Bride.

4. Let

4.
Let Trumpets ſound, let Drums alarm;
Let Cannons roar, let Bullets ſtorm:
It's Muſick in my ear,
Grim Death I ſcorn to fear,
I'll break through dangers near.

Gynemiſia.

1.
UNhappy Man! Why doſt thou dote
Thus on faithleſs Woman?
This is to truſt thy tott'ring Boat
To Waves, that toſs o' th' Main.

2.
Though in their mouths (like murm'ring Bees)
They do ſweet Honey bring;
Yet in their Tayls there lurking lies
A ſharp, and deadly ſting.

3.
Their winks, their becks, their glancing ſmiles,
Their fleers and ſeemings glad,
Are Lures, whereby they do beguile,
And Deaths in Liveries clad.

4.

Tell 'em, what Hell-exceeding pain
For them you undergo,
They're all of Marble, and in vain
Your grief you let 'em know.

5.

Nay then the more they'll ſeem to ſcorn,
And caſt a killing Eye;
That thou may'ſt wiſh, thou ne're waſt born,
Or being born to dy.

6.

But grant thy Prayers ſhould prevail,
And get a nuptial Bed;
Ere Morn thou would'ſt thy caſe bewail,
And ſee thy joys were fled.

7.

Perhaps ſhe'll prove a Wife o' th' Horn,
And ſeek unlawful play;
She'll have Gallants, and thee quite ſcorn,
And then where is thy joy?

8.

'Tis beſt to lead a ſingle life,
Void of theſe gilded Ills;
Where pleaſure ſits without all ſtrife,
As in th' *Elyſian* Fields.

On

On Cælia's *glancing Eyes.*

1.

AS lovely *Cælia* fraught with joys
Doth croſs the ſpacious Plains,
Her glancing Eye her heart betrays,
And charms the rural Swains.

2.

The Lightning flaſh doth melt the ſteel,
And makes it flow with ſtreams;
Thus, thus our hearts to melt we feel,
Being pierc'd with *Cælia*'s beams.

3.

The Star ſhoots through the ſpangled parts,
Till it in gelly dies;
But killing are the ſparkling Darts,
That fly from *Cælia*'s Eyes.

4.

The *Baſilisk* with's poys'nous Eyes
Doth cloſe purſuers kill:
When *Cælia* looks on Man he dies,
She acts new murthers ſtill.

5.

She hates compaſſion, loves to ſee
Man burn, and dy in charms,
Who ardently implore to be
Embraced in her arms.

6.

Hence may theſe cruel Planets ſet,
Ne're to be more ador'd,
'Leſs all their rigour they'll forget,
And bleſs whene're implor'd.

On my dubious Condition.

COme all ye Feathers of my Soul,
And Wing me to the ſtarry Pole:
To the *Elyſium* let me ſoar,
Where doubtful Fate can harm no more.
But if the Gods do joys deny,
In ſome dark Chaos let me ly,
Where I may know my fatal pain,
And not 'twixt Life and Death remain.
'Tis worſe than Death to hang in doubt
'Twixt Heav'n and Hell, and ne're get out.
(Like *Tantalus*) I ſtrive in vain
The flying Waters to detain.
I'm toſt from Rock to Rock, and then
Fond hope doth rigg me up agen,
Till hard deſpair doth overthrow
All that weak hope did build ſo ſlow.
O then, that I could know my fate,
And Fortune's Wheel would keep one ſtate.
That its ſwift turns might cheat no more;
I've been deceiv'd enough before.

The Vale.

PHillis, farewel! For 'tis time to rebel,
When Tyrants with fury do ſwell.
Long have I lain, and ador'd you in vain,
And now would you kill me with pain?
But cold is my heart, nor e're ſhall it ſmart,
'Cauſe you'll not your Amours impart.
Then never believe that hence I will grieve,
But ſcorn for your ſcorn I can give.
I'll love you no more, my folly is o're,
Which made me ſo ardent before.
No Beauty I ſee (my Eyes being free)
Which once were ſo blinded with thee.
Fancy did move when I courted thy love,
For thou did'ſt a *Venus* ne're prove.
But grant thou hadſt been as fair as a Queen,
Thy cruelty ſpoiled thy mien:
For thoſe that ſtill are as cruel as fair,
Be never accounted ſo rare.
Now (*Phillis!*) go to, thy tyranny ſhew,
But let me abandon you too.

The Health.

1.

So ho! *Aurora* gay
Doth call
Us all
To welcome in the day.

2.

Bright *Sol* begins to ſhine;
Let's pay
Him joy
And Sacrifice with Wine.

3.

Look! Yond the Nymphs do play,
Fill up
Your Cup,
And drink their Healths away.

4.

Thus, thus let it go round,
And we
Will ſee,
That Nectar ſhall abound.

The

The Phœnix.

1.

AS when *Phœbus* doth tip the new day,
And regilds all the World with his ray;
So the Fair One appears,
When ſhe lightens our Spheres
With the new-bloſſom'd beams of her brow,
Where the treaſures of nature do grow.

2.

As when Violets flouriſh i' th' Shade,
And to no wand'ring Eyes are betray'd;
So the Fair One cloſe lies
From the rapes of looſe Eyes,
And in ſome am'rous Roſe-Bed doth reſt;
Whence ſuch odours ſtill breathe from her Breaſt.

3.

As when Heaven its Manna doth give,
And through mercy doth Mortals relieve;
So the Fair one proves kind,
And doth ſolace the mind
Of poor Lovers that mourn in deſpair,
'Cauſe they dare not approach one ſo fair.

4.

As when Heav'n is ſpangled with Stars,
And bright *Venus* her Beauty declares;
So the fair Ones fair Eyes,
Are like Stars in the Skies,
And do influence all our pierc'd hearts;
As tho' *Cupid* thence ſhot forth his Darts.

Thus Cælia, *thus* Cælia, *is all o're divine*;
O that Heav'n, that Heav'n would make her but mine.

A Song by way of Dialogue between Corydon *and* Amyntas, *deploring the departure of their* Cælia.

1.

Cor. MAlignant Stars! Unhappy Fate,
That rules the Scenes below!
We now have loſt our happy State,
And no more bliſs can flow:
For (Earth's fair Goddeſs) *Cælia*'s gone,
And we poor Swains are left alone.

2.

Am. She (like an Eaglet) ſoar'd on high,
Bore up with Angels Wings,
And to th' *Elyſium* then did fly,
Where pleaſure always ſprings.
Thus now we've loſt our Heav'n of joy,
Which chance before could ne're annoy.

3. Chorus.

3.

Chorus. --- *Her bright*
And lofty flight
Raviſh'd all our delight:
No more
Muſt we adore!
But muſt for e're deplore!
Good Heav'ns! What a black doom is this?
To burn in conſtant fire,
To rage in grief, in flames to hiſs,
And ne're attain deſire?

4.

Cor. Hence muſt my flowing Eyes diſtil
Whole ſtreams of pearly tears;
And my ſincere laments muſt fill
With grief the gloomy Spheres.
With mournful Songs I'll bathe my woes,
And by my ſighing ſeek repoſe.

5.

Am. No, No, We'll not exhauſt our tears,
Till all our hopes do dy;
Why ſhould we thus augment our cares,
Before the ſum we try?
On fiery Wings let's ſend our hearts
To ſteal her Soul away by arts.

6. Chorus.

6.

Chorus. --- *Away,*
Your plumes diſplay,
Mount (ſwift Souls!) mount your way.
One while
To reconcile
Our griefs bring back a ſmile.
No more then we'll lament in vain,
Tho' Cælia's ours no more;
But hope t' enjoy her once again,
And ever will implore.

The Command.

1.

AWay ye gentle ſighs,
And pierce the liquid Skies;
Seek out the Fair One's Eyes,
There pay your Obſequies.

2.

She's gone (alas!) ſhe's gone,
And muſt I mourn alone?
With flaming Wings my heart
The diſtant Region part.

3.

Into her Breaſt now Sphere,
And ſtamp my Image there,
Or make her heart to burn,
And ſo again return.

4. B

4.
But in thy Centre bring
One am'rous ſmile to ſpring
My fading joys anew,
And then (Deſpair) adieu.

5.
So ho! The Heav'ns rejoice,
Her Guardian-Angel's Voice
I hear, *She's well, She's well,*
And ſtill doth flame her Zeal.

6.
Upon thy Wings then bear
My Soul away to her,
And ſtill (*Amariel*) prove
My Advocate in love.

Hope choak'd with Deſpair.

1.
A Curſe upon that ſenſeleſs hope,
That ſwell'd my heart in vain,
And made me aim at that fair ſcope,
Which I can ne're attain.

2.
Fond Fop! Art thou the Antidote
Againſt deſpair and grief?
With vain *Idea*'s thou doſt nought
But cheat: Ah poor relief!

3.

The Chymist knows thy fallacy
When's Fire's expir'd in vain:
Thy sweet delusions flashes be,
That sport the damn'd in pain.

4.

Thus thy fond promises alive
My drooping heart have born,
Till now no hopes I can derive,
But in despair I mourn.

On Sylvia's *Recovery.*

1.

AS after a dark stormy Night
Fair *Phosphore* leads the smiling Day,
The sable Clouds b'ing put to flight,
And bright the Morning of our Joy.

2.

So my Dear *Sylvia* springs again,
From the fierce Onsets of dire fate:
For what Disease could Trophies gain,
Where one so firm so charming sate?

3.

Thus (bold Disease!) thy toils were vain!
For tho' eclipsed were her Eyes,
She rose more glorious from her pain,
And doth thy conquer'd pow'r despise.

4. Ah

4.
Ah *Sylvia*, ſtill fair Beauty's bloom,
Still guarded round with ſilent charms,
Quickly (bore up with Angels) come
To bleſs thy longing *Damon*'s Arms.

An Elegy upon the Death of the hopeful Mr William Roſe *deceas'd, in the fourteenth year of his Age.*

1.
WHat makes our dull *Minerva* ſilent weep,
As tho' ſhe ſought by tears relief?
What makes us all in ſorrow ſeem aſleep,
(Alas!) aſtoniſhed with grief?
The flinty Rock its trembling drops diſtills,
And Marble Walls do ſympathize our ills.
The pious Muſes mourn, and o' th' *Caſtalian* ſhore
With ſhrill and doleful *Nænia*'s their loſs deplore.

2.
Apollo plays upon his Barbiton,
And on his Lyre no more will toy:
For his beloved Darling's dead and gone,
And all the Muſes only joy. (ſtate,
'Tis thee (Dear Saint!) doſt cauſe this mournful
Whilſt Learning's Candidates lament thy fate. (duſt
But oh that all our tears being mingl'd with thy
Could raiſe thee up, our heads into thy Urn we'd thruſt.

3. 'Tis

3.

'Tis strange to see the *Rosa Mundi* fade,
When in its infant Bud doth smile;
To see black Clouds the morning beams o're spread,
And Night our springing Day beguile.
Ah Death! How cou'd'st our blooming hopes destroy,
And blast our choice Fruit in its early day?
Whilst he (so rare is hoary vertue!) promis'd fair,
But dy'd too soon, his parts by actions to declare.

4.

But if he'd liv'd, how great, how good he'd been,
Each action had been proof so plain,
That ev'ry Eye would have admir'd, and deem'd
Him worthy, and without a stain.
But since whilst he the Earth did thus forsake,
To Heav'n's blest Mansion he his flight did take;
Let's stop the Current of our tears, and place our Verse,
As a true Monument upon his sable Herse.

An Epitaph on the same.

ALL you, whose softer hearts can vent a tear,
First read my Fate, then weep and drop one here;
Where faded Youth, and Vertues hopes do ly,
Where goodness bud is forc'd to fall and dy;

Where

Where comely Beauty turns to noiſom Clay,
Where early Zeal Death's ſting could not allay.
His Father's Joy, his Mothers ſweet delight,
The Muſes Darling, and our ſpringing light.
Oh cruel Fates! Impartial Deſtinies:
That never had the ſenſe to ſympathize.
But tho' his Body's dead, his Fame's alive,
And more and more ſhall ev'ry day ſurvive.

Epitaphium in egregiam Pellicem.

Hoc jacet in tumulo Pellex memoranda futuris,
Quæ rapuit pectus, diripuitq; bona.
Peſtiferis factis ſibimet monumenta reliquit;
Dicere namq; licet de bonitate nihil.
Orce tibi caveas, ne Fato Fata pararet;
Littoribus noſtris peſſima peſtis erat.

An Elegy upon the Vertuous Lady Rebekka Townſend.

WHat means this Tragick Scene, this tyde of grief,
Which Heav'n condoles, yet will not ſend relief?
The crackling Poles do echo forth their groans,
And poor fond Nature her dire fate bemoans.

The

The Sun with diſmal Clouds doth veil his face,
As tho' he'd find for Mourning a fit place:
In Night's black ſables hence the glimm'ring day
Involv'd repines: Each Sphere in dark array
Diſtills her ſhow'rs of tears which calms her Breaſt,
With a fierce Hurricane of grief poſſeſt.
The Winds do ſigh, the Storms lament our woes,
And the whole Scene of Earth in mourning goes.
Sure Nature's choiceſt Darling now lies dead,
And Earth's ſole Paradiſe to Heaven's fled.
The World's rare *Phœnix* ha's now taken Wing,
And ſoar'd unto the glories of th' eternal King:
For Heav'n's great Agent did in's Eyes foreſee,
That She was worthy of maturity;
And that as great as Heav'n the World would grow,
If bleſt (Dear Saint!) with thy bright beams below.
Hence he to ſtop the Worlds juſt growing pride,
Took thee to his, and this our Heav'n defy'd.
The *Tagus* ſtreams wherein there flow'd the joy
Of all this Earthly Globe are paſt away,
And run into the Font, from whence they came;
Yet nought can put a period to their Fame:
Her merits were ſo great, they'l never dy;
But (like time) live to kiſs Eternity.
Nay, our own loſs in her, our bereft State
With tears will ſtill her worth commemorate:
Since when againſt her cruel Death did rage,
We loſt the ſplendent Jewel of our Age.
Ah Death! ſo ſoon how could'ſt thou ſweep away
Our blooming hopes? Could pity not delay,
Nor ſighs nor tears thy fatal ſtroak? But muſt
Our riſing Day-Star ſo ſoon ſet in duſt?

Impartial

Impartial Fates! Faithleſs Mortality!
All hopes of never dying dead here ly;
Dead too, and having left no branch behind,
Which might ſpring up, and parallel its kind.
When Fate ſhall Nuptial Joys ſo ſwift purſue,
Small are the benefits which thence accrew.
From noble Veins ſhe did her Blood derive,
And by heroick Actions (whilſt alive)
She well did anſwer her Original;
Nor did theſe tempting toys her pow'rs enthral;
But (Angel-like) ſhe did the World out-brave,
And took pure Innocence into her Grave.
For Prudence ſhe (like *Sheba*) did appear,
Whoſe Fame ha's mounted our bright Hemiſphere.
O' th' Wings of *Pegaſus* ſhe oft did ſoar
(Where now ſhe dwells) to the Cœleſtial Tow'r.
The Vocal Choirs of Muſes in her Breaſt
More, than i' th' ſacred Helicon did reſt;
From whence they vented Oracles of love,
And warbled out their charms, enchanting *Jove*.
She (like the Sun) to all diſplay'd her rayes,
From whence ſhe built her Pyramids of praiſe.
A ſafe *Aſylum* to th' oppreſt ſhe gave;
Her Heart and Hand did ſtill rejoice to ſave
Poor Wretches from their doom, and to ſupply
The wants of all that did for mercy cry.
If then true Vertue ever dwelt on Earth,
'Twas here enſhrined too with Beauty's worth.
The Univerſe intitl'd her the Fair,
Whoſe Charms no Cynick could unconquer'd bear.
But now (alas) ſhe like the beauteous Roſe
Doth fall, and fade, when furious Auſter blows.

Thus when with Ruddy Wings the Morning ray
Seems proud to uſher in the new-born day;
Then on a ſudden an untimely night
O'reclouds and darkens the new-bloſſom'd light:
But were *Aurora*'s ſmiles but half ſo fair
As hers, the Clouds would have vouchſaf'd to ſpare.
How hard's then Fate! that ſummoned away,
Without remorſe, this faireſt Flow'r of *May*,
To whom Poſterity ſhall pay reſpects;
Becauſe the beſt Example of her Sex.

An

An Elegie on the Death of the Right Honourable John *Lord* Coventry.

LET *Europe*'s Confines flow with ſtreaming tears,
Let deep-fetcht ſighs now pierce the ſable Spheres.
Weep, mourn, deplore, and let your Eyes now flow,
Till ye (like *Niobe*) do Marble grow.
The fatal influence that doth rule this day,
Doth ſummon grief, commands our Eyes to pay
Tears, as juſt Tribute: Nature doth aſſume
New diſmal ſhapes, which do portend our doom:
Each object clad in Fates black Livery,
Doth (Comet-like) ſome dire event deſcry.
The Heav'n being veil'd with Clouds in mourning goes,
The gloomy day Nights dark reſemblance ſhows.
Our Guardian-Angels flutt'ring in the air,
Start back, as tho' they would remit their care;
Each dreading Fate with murm'ring ſighs condoles,
And vents fond paſſion which doth ſhake the Poles.
Th' etherial crew with doleful ſhrieks bemoans
Our horrid Fate, and panting *Atlas* groans.
Poor Echo's broken Voice doth iterate
(Thus grief ſurprizes Speech!) O Fate! O Fate!
Each Zone her pearly ſhow'rs of tears diſtills,
And ſympathizing doth lament our ills.

Our Mother Earth too a chief Mourner proves,
Her pious grief ſince Natures inſtinct moves.
But what's the cauſe of theſe Effects? What ſtrange
Chimæra's Heaven's Face and Earths thus change?
Our Play's ſure Tragical, our Scene is ſad,
And the Cataſtrophe's exceeding bad.
The whiſtling Winds with a faint whiſper ſeem
T' infuſe into my Ears a juſt eſteem
Of grief; they prompt, that the great *Coventry*
Conquer'd by Fates too haſty hand doth ly.
(Alas!) Too true; He's dead, he's dead, and gone;
Now all our hopes dy too; ſo good a one
We ne're ſhall more enjoy; nought can repair
The loſs wherein we all this day do ſhare.
What recompence would Heaven's Darlings be,
Since none can bear ſo brave a Soul as He?
No *Hero* e're can parallel his Name,
Whoſe Merits ſeiz'd the Pinnacles of Fame.
He (*Pharus*-like) i' th' azure Skies did tow'r;
Yet was not in the leaſt puft up with pow'r.
Profound Humility was the high ſum,
To which all his ambition e're would come.
The ſplendent Palace of our Britiſh Sun,
From this bright Pillar it's ſole Baſis ſhon;
Hence glorious rays our Coaſts with light did gild,
And quick'ning Beams great Solaces did yield.
Under his Wings th' oppreſt a refuge found,
And 's Charity (like Streams) did ſtill abound.
His only joy was to ſupply the wants,
And gratify the Pray'rs of Supplicants.
'Twas no State-Cuſhion, nor a golden Aſs,
Whoſe trappings made him for Heroick paſs;

But

But was a mighty Column of our State,
Whoſe ſacred Vertues did themſelves dilate.
The gilded blandiſhments of Court (which Souls
Clog'd with this droſſy World too much controuls)
His noble mind (as Trifles) did neglect;
Such Pamphlets Souls ſo great do ſtill reject.
His Sails were ne're ſwel'd up with flattery;
But he'd diſcern ſuch Plots with a quick Eye;
His juſtice would allow no undue praiſe;
His Merits only ſhou'd his Trophies raiſe.
Heav'n him too good to live on Earth did count,
Hence he (like Bird of Paradiſe) did mount,
Mæand'ring to the Manſion up on high,
Which Heav'n provided for's integrity.
Juſt Heav'n! For the bleſt Throne, he ſits in now,
Before he ſeiz'd, he did acquire below.
So falls this *Pharaoh*'s Tow'r, our Ages coſt,
I' th' duſt ſo this Epheſian Temple's toſt!
Whoſe great renowned Fame ſhall never dy,
But prove the Mirror of Eternity.
But oh our Fate! Why did'ſt (Dear Saint) ſo ſoon
Turn from our Eyes thy Morning Beams to Noon?
We now (like Hermites) live all deſolate,
Depriv'd of thee, we 've loſt our happy State.
(Like *Adam* when expell'd from Paradiſe)
We rove in Deſarts, and can find no bliſs.
We (like *Heraclitus*) do nought but mourn,
And water with our tears thy ſilent Urn:
But oh that hence we (*Phœnix*-like) could bring
Out of thy aſhes a new Soul to ſpring,
Whoſe Numen might triumph o're conquer'd Fate,
And all our fading Joys reſuſcitate.

But (ah!) how vain's our wiſh? Death's fatal ſtroke
(When once is giv'n) we never can revoke.
O cruel Fate! Could'ſt thou not pitch thy Toyl
For other preys? Muſt thy black doom aſſail
This ſtarry Sphere? Do not ten thouſand ly,
Who fondly court their Fate, yet cannot dy?
Than him we might a Myriad better ſpare,
Whoſe breath and name (like bubbles in the air)
Might vaniſh, and the World yet feel no wo:
He was our *Phoſphore*, and *Palladium* too.
His worth whole Millions did preponderate;
Hence he ſo ſoon was ſtruck by envious Fate.
So that if any one would ſphere on high,
Tranſcending all, he muſt reſolve to dy;
For (Herriot-like) Fate loves to ſeize the beſt;
She takes them firſt, to mend ſhe leaves the reſt.
Now in what Eulogies my Muſe doth faint,
And can't expreſs thy worth, pardon (Dear Saint!)
Pardon I beg; In matters ſo ſublime
To be deficient may not ſeem a crime:
But where my Pen enough can't celebrate,
Let Fame's ſhrill Trump the reſt ebuccinate.

An

An Elegie on the Death of his Grace the Duke of Ormond *deceas'd,* July *the* 20th 1688.

WHen Heav'n's bright Orb withdraws his ruddy Face,
And Nights black Scene invades the World apace,
How do the *Perſians* veil their ſtreaming Eyes,
And ſtill emplore their flying God with cries.
So when our radiant Earthly *Stars* do fall,
Their horrid Fate lamented is by all,
Whoſe ſtony hearts are not enmarbl'd round,
And where a place for pity may be found.
Thus all now mourn, cauſe the great *Ormond*'s dead,
Ormond, with whom now all our joys are fled.
Ah Tragic Scene! Tears ſparkle in our Eyes,
And with ſad groans we all do ſympathize.
The Marble melts through grief; The Rocks rebound,
And from all Coaſts moſt doleful ſhrieks reſound.
The Court (which ſparkling Jewels did adorn)
In Sables is now dreſt, in blacks doth mourn;
Whilſt all the Great Ones Eyes do ſilent weep,
Which manifeſts their ſorrow's the more deep:
Nor is it e're to be compris'd in Verſe,
How many Mourners did purſue his Herſe.
But ſhould we all our Tribute-tears now pay
Equal to's worth, and our own loſs this day,

The *Strand* would (like the *Thames*) with Water flow, . . .
And ev'ry ſtreet would a deep River grow.
White-Hall would feed the ſtreams with new ſupplies,
And to make Waves would vent out deep-fetcht ſighs.
Since he from noble Veins deriv'd his Blood,
He by great acts his Pedigree made good.
(If Loyalty on Earth hath now eſteem)
It's Magazine was ſituate in him.
No greater loſs could on our State befal,
He was the great *Palladium* of all.
His ſacred Vertue did tranſcend each Sphere,
He dwelt in Heaven when he ſojourn'd here.
No Pride, no Pomp, nor praiſe puft up his Soul;
'Twas Zeal that wing'd him to the Starry Pole.
Humility her Darling might him call;
So ready he would condeſcend to all.
If Honour then and Vertue e're in One
Conjoin'd, he was that Heav'nly One alone.

Divine

Divine Poems
AND
HYMNS.

Divine Poems AND HYMNS.

A Penitential Hymn.

1.

AWake, Awake, my drowſy Soul!
How long wilt ſleep ſecure?
Shall nothing, nothing thee controul?
Doſt reſt? Oh! this is pure,
When Hell for thee doth gape her thirſty jaws,
And Satan threatens with his angry Paws.

2.

Break forth my Breaſt in ſudden cries,
Prevent th' approaching woes!
Rouze (alas!) rouze my ſlumb'ring Eyes!
Will ye for ever cloſe?
Ah! Guſh forth tears, deplore thoſe fruitleſs ways,
Wherein I fooliſh ſpent my former days.

3.

The dying Tree doth now revive;
And I, forſaking Death,
Do now begin to ſeem alive,
And draw my wav'ring breath.
I'll triumph now, and drown my crimes in tears;
I'll truſt in God, and caſt off Helliſh fears.

4.

Begon (O works of darkneſs!) fly,
No more I'll call you mine;
I now ſhake off ſin's Lethargy,
And am (O Lord!) all thine.
O guide me therefore in theſe ſteps to thee,
And grant, that I thy Servant ſtill may be.

A Spiritual Hymn.

1.

O Greateſt God! O Higheſt Pow'r!
Mercy afford
(O mighty Lord!)
Who dwell'ſt in the Cœleſtial Tow'r.

2.

The Heav'n, The Earth doth thee obey;
Thou calm'ſt the Waves;
Thou free'ſt ſin's Slaves;
O're all things thou doſt bear the ſway.

3.

O cleanſe me from Sin's Leproſie!
O purge my heart,
And ev'ry part!
Let me no more ſin's Vaſſal be.

4.

O waſh, O waſh away each ſpot!
Let not one ſtain
In me remain;
And all my former Crimes out blot.

5. My

5.

My Soul (O Lord!) create anew,
And pure like thee,
O let it be!
That I thy wond'rous works may ſhew.

6.

In thee (my God!) I'll put my truſt,
I'll ſerve thee ſtill,
And fear none ill,
Let envious Satan do his worſt.

7.

My God! My God! I'll ſpread thy Fame,
I'll ſing always
Hallelujahs,
And will for ever praiſe thy Name.

Peni-

Penitence.

PUT on (O Muſe!) a penitential hue,
And with *Caſtalian* drops thy Face bedew;
That with a weeping ſhow'r of mournful Verſe,
I may the praiſe of penitence rehearſe.
Welcome, O pleaſing Legacy of tears!
Welcome, deep ſighs, which pierce the Heav'nly Spheres.
A contrite heart is Heav'n's beſt Sacrifice,
Acceptable'ſt in great Jehovah's Eyes.
The Cordial of Repentance doth revive
Our Souls being dead in ſin, tho' ſeem alive.
The groans of Converts open Heaven's Gate,
And do provide for them a happy State.
Thus pious *David* (tho' had gone aſtray)
Did Heaven's wrath by's penitence allay:
And as his ſins were great when he rebell'd
'Gainſt God, ſo he in penitence excell'd.
'Tis this, that doth our droſſy Souls refine,
And makes us in pure innocence to ſhine.
No Man's own Merits can him ever ſave,
'Leſs he for Chriſt with penitence doth crave.
Thou muſt with trembling, and with careful fear
(O Man!) thy own Salvation work out here.
Since none (alas!) can prove ſo innocent,
Who may not for's repeated Crimes repent.

Whilſt

Whilſt ſtill we ſwell the number of our ſins,
And ev'ry day a new addition brings.
The beſt of men in frequent errors fall,
And can't preſerve themſelves ſcot-free from all
The tempting lures of ſin; But forc'd to yield,
Do beat it off again with Chriſtian Shield.
But grant we could perſiſt without a fault,
And ne're from ſacred Righteouſneſs revolt;
We all did in Sin's Leproſie begin
Our Lives, and from our Parents drew the Sin,
Which we muſt waſh, and purge away with tears
Of Penitence, which guilty Souls ſtill clears,
Or elſe we can't unſpotted Garments keep,
Nor pleaſe our Lord, the Shepherd of his Sheep:
Turn then, O turn to God, repent your Crimes,
That Chriſt may own you in the latter times.

A Hymn of Confession.

1.

GOod God! In what an everlasting gire
My black and loathsome sins go round;
They pass the num'rous Sands o' th' shore,
Nor are the Stars of Heaven more.
Yet still encrease, they more abound,
And ev'ry day doth raise the number higher.

2.

Oh! Rouze my sleepy Soul! A stronger guard
Thy watchful Enemies require.
Still stand prepared with thy arms
T' oppose the Devil, and his Charms:
And when thy subtle Foe creeps nigher,
Strait with the Shield of Faith his force retard.

3.

How long wilt thou th' *Ægyptian* darkness love?
How long intend'st to live secure?
How long the light of *Goshan* spurn?
Wilt from thy obscure ways ne're turn?
How can'st such Labyrinths endure,
Where light ly's hid, and thou i'th' dark dost rove?

4.

With ſpeed prevent this ſteep deſcent of Hell;
This Precipice tread on no more;
Climb up again, repent thy fall,
And for God's boundleſs mercy call;
Then He'll forgive thy ſins before,
And Satan's future onſets will repel.

Ano-

Another.

1.

TOo long (O Lord!) for Earthly Vanities
I've been a Candidate;
'Twas worſe than Hell, or fate
To live reſerv'd for Heav'n, and leave my toys;
With magick charms they tic'd me on,
Obſcuring their deluſion.

2.

Thoſe *Circe*'s-Cups, Thoſe *Syren*-Songs of ſin
Allur'd my Soul away,
Pleaſing when they'd deſtroy; (begin
But now (kind Heav'n!) their betray'd Snares
To ſhew a treach'rous Scene of woes,
The precipice of my repoſe.

3.

Good God! What trifles did my Soul purſue!
On what weak grounds I ſtood!
Bubbles, or worſe I woo'd;
Fate, Death, and Hell, theſe pleaſures would enſue;
Dead in ſin, charm'd with toys, no care
For an Immortal Life I'd ſpare.

4.

(O mighty Lord!) in what prepoſt'rous ways
Was my blind Soul then lead!
Bow down, Bow down my head! (praiſe
Bend, Bend my Knees! Implore my hands! Thy
My Tongue ſing forth, and mercy crave,
Mercy, which doth poor peccants ſave.

5.

I now (O Lord!) divorce thoſe blandiſhments,
That thus to ſin entice;
Away, begone, black Vice!
My purged Breaſt no more ſhall prove your Tents.
To thee (great God!) my Heart doth ſoar,
Guide then, that it relapſe no more.

My

My PRAYER.

MY God! My God! who dwel'ſt in Heav'n above,
And yet vouchſaf'ſt to us poor Worms thy love,
Accept, Accept a truly contrite heart,
And to my early Pray'rs thy Ears impart:
Prevent (O Lord!) prevent my ſinful ways,
And turn my heart from all theſe Earthly toys;
Direct, direct my ſliding ſteps to thee,
And ſtill preſerve me from ſin's Lethargie.
O purge my Soul, and the Old Man divorce!
Guard me with Angels, and damp Satan's force.
Let me (O Lord!) no more ſin's Vaſſal be;
But keep me from Satan's temptations free.
To Faith and Righteouſneſs my heart incline;
And let thy dictates ſtill my will confine:
So that, when I have led a godly Life,
And well have finiſhed my Warlike ſtrife,
And thou (O Lord!) art pleas'd to call away
My Soul to thee, to taſt of Heav'nly Joy,
I may it cheerfully to thee reſtore,
And joyfully to thy Tribunal ſoar,
Where I through Chriſt may abſolution have,
And through thy mercy Crowns of glory crave;
There with thy Choirs of Angels ſing always
Praiſes to thee; until the latter days,
When Heav'n and Earth ſhall in confuſion ly,
And Chriſt ſhall come in his bright Majeſty;

And

And in *Jehoſhaphat* Aſſizes keep; (ſleep,
When the laſt Trump ſhall rowze all thoſe that
And Summon in all Nations to appear,
In Judgment their laſt Sentence now to hear;
Where all to give a ſtrict account muſt come,
Some to receive their Bliſs, and ſome their doom.
Then, then let me (O God!) on thy right hand
Amongſt th' Elected Saints in glory ſtand;
And when each Judgment's giv'n, take me with thee,
Enjoying thy bright preſence ſtill to be.

Vale

Vale Muſis.

1.

FArewel, ye fair Inſpirers of Man's Soul!
Farewel, O ſacred Muſe,
Adieu, Adieu.
Tho' I could rather chooſe
To dwell with you,
Did Heav'n by *Contra*'s not my will controul.

2.

To Law I'm call'd; Then muſt I not obey
What Heav'n for me ordains?
Let Fancy fret
Confin'd in golden Chains;
No more I'll treat
My fruitleſs Muſe, at beſt a pleaſing toy.

FINIS.